

Mary Malyn

L O V E
U P O N
T I C K :
O R,
Implicit Gallantry.

E X E M P L I F I E D,
In some Merry M E M O I R S of the Rise
and Progress of an Extraordinary and
Occasional A M O U R.

I N W H I C H
The Whole M E C H A N I S M of that P A S -
S I O N is Expos'd, and made Obvious to
the Meanest Capacity.

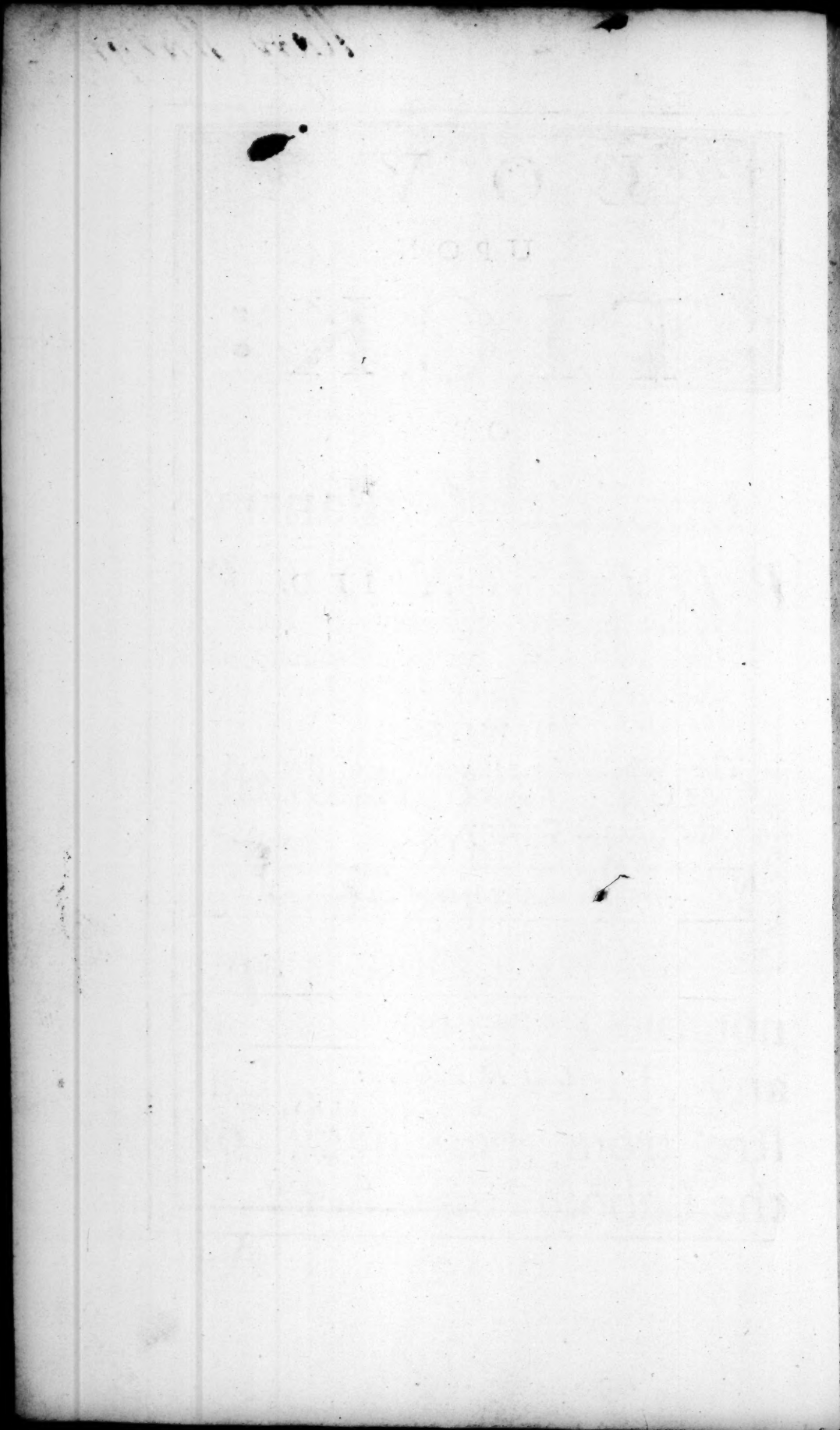
By the A U T H O R of ———

*Doublets the Pleasure is as great,
Of being Cheated, as to Cheat.* H U D.

Semel insanivimus Omnes.

L O N D O N :

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T O
P H I L A N D E R.

Illustrious SIR,



O R thus the
Author always
greet's those e-
gregious and
notable Persons, who at
any Time derive a Lu-
stre from their own, or
the Labours of others.

A 2

A s

iv *The Dedication.*

As soon as some small Progress was made in a circumstantial Detail of the extraordinary Adventures which compose the Subject of the ensuing Sheets; great was the Number of Competitors, and powerful their Solicitations, for the Patronage of it.

BUT when the Injustice was consider'd, of inscribing to others an Entertainment, for which the World was indebted to you, and you alone; 'twas with-

The Dedication. v

without Hesitation determin'd, that, without the most manifest Partiality, 'twas impossible not to give you the Preference.

'T is earnestly wish'd, that the Author was at Liberty, by a familiar Description of your Name and Person, to discharge the Obligations due to you, and acquaint the Publick, to whom they owe the Satisfaction and Amusement, which may, in all Probability, accrue, by a Perusal of your unparallel'd

vi *The Dedication.*

rallied and unheard-of
Adventures.

BUT since your innate
Modesty and known A-
version to being loaded
with that Deluge of Ap-
plause and Admiration,
which must necessarily at-
tend such an unwearied
Diligence to divert your
Cotemporaries, forbid
that ; the disappointed
Town must rest contented
with a dazzling Account
of those gay and polite
Qualifications and Ac-
quirements, which have
con-

The Dedication. vii

conspicuously rendered you the Admiration of so great a Part of Mankind, and which have induc'd the Author thus to place you foremost in that Brilliant Class of the Creation, to which you do belong.

FOR Providence, in its wise Disposition of Sub-lunary Circumstances, has created no *Nonpareil*; and however extravagant, and seemingly alone, a Person of your Character and Merit may appear, 'tis without Scruple affirmed, (by
way

viii *The Dedication.*

way of Alloy to your Vanity,) that on the nicest and most exact Calculation, there are within the Bills of Mortality Two thousand three hundred and seventy nine, who differ very little from your illustrious Self; insomuch that 'twill be impossible to do Justice to your Merit, without at the same time alarming that Number with a natural and just Description of those amiable Qualities and Perfections they so happily possess.

To

The Dedication. ix

To pass over therefore the superficial and quaint Ornaments and Charms you owe to your Dress, (enough alone to fill a Volume) let it be permitted, first of all, to celebrate that jaunty, careless, and languishing Gesture, which attends your every Motion, accompanied by a destructive Roll of the Eye, and a constant Musick issuing either from your Nose or Lips, a soft warbling Whistle, or softer Hum ; no Serpent's Hiss more fatal
b to

x *The Dedication.*

to heedless Virgins, nor more to be avoided, cou'd the unthinking Tribe be taught their Path to Safety.

NEXT, (as perpetual Conquests ought to be attended with perpetual Triumphs) don't let's forget that graceful and triumphant Manner of relating your every Victory. No Damsel vanquish'd by your Charms, whose Captive State by you is not communicated to Multitudes : And who but an
Infidel

The Dedication xi

Infidel would doubt the Truth, when delivered with so soft, and yet exulting Accent, from Lips so charming?

YOU next shine in a generous Contempt of those dull mechanick Acquirements, which the rest of your Sex pretend to value; such as *Learning*, *Philosophy*, &c. Poor stupid Mortals, that can be so vain as to pretend to any Merit, and, at the same time, can neither chaunt an *Italian* Aire, or lead up a Dance.

xii *The Dedication.*

YOU are satisfied how unpolite is the least Pretence to those ridiculous, clownish Qualifications ; and, to bear as near a Resemblance as possible to that Sex you eternally pursue, carefully avoid giving the least Ground to mistrust your having ever thrown away any of your Time so unpolitely as to attain 'em.

AND on this Occasion, the Author apologizes for rectifying the *Orthography* of your *Billets* ; but had
much

The Dedication. xiii

much rather charge the *Printer* with it than incur your Displeasure, for having divested them of a graceful Illiteracy, which may perhaps be their greatest Ornament.

NOT to derogate from your Character as a Lover, or a Man, you are next to be complimented on the surprizing Indifference, and Absence of Spleen, with which you can bear the most severe Disdain of one Sex, and the most outrageous Insults of the other:

xiv *The Dedication*

ther: What more can the most celebrated *Stoick* pretend to, than to be thus unmov'd at Wounds given in the most tender Parts, Love, and Honour ?

IF you seem at any Time to deviate from your wonted Unconcern in these Respects, 'twas when with so much Precipitation you convey'd the File of Letters to the sacred *Elm*.

YOUR constant Resort to all Places where you can have the Fair within Eye-Shot, must not be omitted ;

The Dedication. XV

mitted ; nor your generous Sacrifice of all Deference to the Rules of Decency and good Manners, in a perpetual Display of your charming Shape and Voice on all Occasions, with no other View, than making your self agreeable to that Sex, and procuring them new and surprizing Scenes of Diversion and Amusement ; who might perhaps grow dull at a *Tragedy*, if not interrupted by an insipid Whisper, or devout at a Sermon,

xvi *The Dedication.*

mon, without the officious
Tender of a *Snuff-Box*.

IF a perpetual Restraint
on all our Words and Ac-
tions be what the Wise re-
commend, you, who dis-
cover so manifest an Af-
fection and Ambition to
please in all you say or do,
are indisputably entitled
to the Reputation of being
a most strict Observer of
those sage Precepts.

IN short, whatever
Merit any one can derive
from a soft Complacency,
a perpetual and anxious
Care

The Dedication xvii

Care to be the foremost in the prevailing Mode in all Affairs and Scenes of Life ; whatever Happiness can accrue from an indolent, unthinking Constitution, a Head disencumber'd with those harsh and knotty Speculations, which the heavy Part of Mankind give into, and the Enjoyment of a perpetual Vivacity and Grimace, are emphatically your Due.

IN the compound Capacity of a *Beau*, and a
c Man

xviii *The Dedication.*

Man of Business, none can
more properly than you
claim the Esteem and Re-
gard of,

(Illustrious SIR,)

Your profess'd Admirer,

and Devoted

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE



THE
PREFACE.



As it been imagined so polite an Age as this would have been scandaliz'd at the continued Series of Insincerity and Double-Dealing so triumphantly diffus'd through-

XX The Preface.

out the following Sheets, 't would have well deserved some small Pains and Labour, by strain'd Arguments, and affected Apologies, to have shewn how warrantable it was to Deceive and Dissemble, when done with a View to the Good and Instruction of Mankind ; neither would the Author, in that Case, have stuck at affirming, that the Hero of the ensuing Treatise was led the Dance herein described, in Order to the Improvement of his Understanding, and Reformation of his Manners. But since those

The Preface. xxi

those benign and candid Intentions were frustrated by his invincible Inattention and Stupidity, the whole Process of that Attempt is thus exposed, that haply it might, as a Mirror, point out those vain and awkward Foibleſſes to those, who (tho' in the same Class of Understanding) might have some larger Share of Sagacity.

But far from supposing any one whose Curiosity shall prompt him to turn it over, will be Phlegmatick enough to think it criminal

xxii The Preface.

*criminal to sacrifice a strict
Regard to Truth and Honesty,
when done in Order to divert
and amuse. Without any Cere-
monial Introduction, without re-
peating, nay, or so much as once
imploing the Reader's Patience
and Pardon, I proceed to recount
the real Motives and Engagements
that produc'd a Publication of
the following Letters, together
with some Hints and Notices,
which may perhaps serve to
illustrate the Subject Matter of
the Book.*

The

The Preface. xxiii

The most prevailing Motive that will be allow'd to be unexceptionable, being no less that on whose Hinges all sublunary Affairs turn ; to whose Omnipotent Guidance and Direction all the Designs and Actions of Mankind owe their Rise, Being, and Continuance ; who that ever was within a Mile of Exchange Alley, will be at a Loss to know that by this Description, Nought can be Delineated but MONEY.

Those

xxiv The Preface.

Those to whom this Composition was communicated, were so fond of the Production, that without the least Hesitation, they offer'd their Patronage, i. e. their Guineas, and laid the Author under the most severe and tremendous Injunction, no less than the absolute and irretrievable Loss of their Favour, to expose and publish it in this Manner.

*If 'tis possible to find out any who are so disinterested as not to deem this as a sufficient Excuse for
the*

The Preface. xxv

the Author's Obedience, she comforts herself with the Assurance that the Number of such must be very small, and consequently she must stand acquitted by an infinite Majority ; how well warranted the positive and uncontrollable Commands of her Patrons are, the Reader will best judge, after he has travell'd through to the other End of the Book. ---- A good Journey to him.

If the feign'd Names of the Lovers are thought too trite,
d and

xxvi The Preface.

and not well adapted to their respective Characters, that Objection will receive a full and satisfactory Answer, by affirming they are the very same in which the amorous Commerce was carried on; and therefore the Author could not well assume an Authority of changing them, who has been so exactly punctual in doing Justice to the Hero's Character, that the Billets penn'd and subscrib'd by him, are very faithfully copied from the Originals, which are carefully preserved.

Many

The Preface. xxvii

Many Inconsistencies will, without Doubt, be easily observed in the Character of Urgan-da; but the Author is not anxious in accounting for them, being well assured, that a judicious Reader reflecting on a Person sour'd by Age, Envy, and Ill-Nature, would readily grant it to have been an absurd Improbability, had an Uniformity been observed in drawing that Character.

xxviii The Preface.

The Letters address'd to Philander, will, without Doubt, afford ample Matter of Criticism ; but in Regard his are incerted in puris naturalibus, it would hardly have been just to have embellish'd the other ; and to any Persons (if any can be imagined) who are diverted with the following Story, 'tis presum'd it will be an additional Satisfaction to reflect, that they have them without Disguise, in their original Dress, and unadorn'd.

'T would

The Preface. xxix

*I would be in vain to offer at any other Apology, or attempt any more rational Excuse for this Sally, than what is already given; rather let that Bard be celebrated, who so judiciously laid it down as a Maxim, that all Mankind must, at some certain Period or Stage of Life, be mad or play the Fool: If that Crisis affected Philander, and the Author, at the same Time, who knows whether the several Subscriptions are not owing to the same Epidemick Malady? And
may*

xxx The Preface.

*may that Malady still spread and
diffuse it self, or sadly neglected
will the following Tract
remain.*



LOVE



LOVE upon TICK:

O R,

Implicit GALLANTRY, &c.



N one of those agreeable Evenings; which so oft invite the young and gay Inhabitants of this *Metropolis* to taste the fragrant Breezes, when the declining Rays of the setting Sun permit 'em to refresh the tall and spreading Shades that adorn *St. James's Mall*; when Clouds of powder'd Beaus and *sparkling Belles*, in that charming Recess, forget the Fatigues of a sultry Day, and from each other's Charms light up those Flames, the least of which are infinitely more insupportable than the fiercest and most refulgent Beams of the brilliant God, whose Absence draws out this lovely Train of *Cupid's-Artillery*; amongst the shining *Groupe* of *British Belles*, 'twas easy to distinguish Two, whose Aire and Gesture discover'd their Thoughts and Reflections engag'd

B

on

on a Subject different from what engross'd the gay Assembly.

Their Years had enabled 'em to view, with a calm Unconcern, all those artful *Foibleſſes*, and ensnaring, though trifling *Douceurs*, which every Word and Motion that the smooth *Endymions* threw out, palpably with an Expectation of captivating some Virgin Ideot; and the Neglect they had met with in Affairs of Gallantry, had equipt 'em with Spleen and ill Nature enough, to dissemble (at least) a thorough Contempt of the usual Common-Place Compliments, and affected Behaviour, which those who possess the Surface only of fine Gentlemen, are so lavish of in their Addresses to a Sex, frequently furnished with too large a Share of good Sense not to discover the shallow, empty Coxcomb, through the thin and sonorous Disguise of a well-adjusted Person, and eloquent Nonsense.

From Persons in those Circumstances, 'tis natural to expect an inexhaustible Fund of Satyr, which could not want Occasion of exerting it self in a Scene, where the Pleasure and Indolence apparent in the Countenances of all around 'em, afforded the grating and harsh Reflection of having been, and being now no more, the blooming Objects of such a modish, and superficial Adoration, which however despicable in its self, and in the Opinion of the wiser Part of that Sex, is what (*as a Right and Time immemorial their Due*) they can't submit to giving

giving up, or be denied it, without the most manifest and turbulent Resentment.

Did you never see, (says one of these venerable *Sybils* to her Companion) a yelping Lap-Dog prick up his Ears, cut Capers, and tear his little Throat with Barking, when he has heard the jolly Huntsman wind his Horn, and the deep-mouth'd Hounds, with ecchoing Peals, pursue the bounding Stag ? Just so, says she, (pointing to a File of Perukes, will these diminutive Shreds of the Creation, (for no other Reason, but because Nature plac'd 'em on two Legs) awkwardly attempt by capering, powdering, writing *Billet-Doux*, &c. to imitate the Effects of a generous and sincere Passion ; tho' as unequal to the Task, as *Shock* is to traverse *Banstead Downs*.

'Tis difficult to say, whether the gratifying an overcharg'd Spleen affords more Pleasure than a Fool's Paradise : But certain it is, that by this and such like Discourse, they had wrought themselves into an Humour as pleasant and merry, as could be enjoy'd by Persons of their Age and Constitution ; nor was the Satisfaction visible in their Countenances a-whit inferior to the most ador'd Idol of the *Mall*. 'Twas at this Juncture, (*unhappy Moment*,) the young, the gay *Philander*, being known to one of 'em, join'd 'em, and with an affected Grimace, and supercilious Grin, enquir'd after their Health, told 'em 'twas fine Weather, that the Trees were beautifully green, look'd on his Repeater, and took his Leave.

Look there, says the *Lady above-mentioned*, with an Aire of Triumph, Nature cou'd not so compleatly have exemplified the Character I have been exposing: Wou'd you imagine, continued she, that that Machine contains Nothing but *Tare* and *Tret*, a *Leidger*, and a *Multiplication-Table*; all the Art of Man could never infuse into his Head any Thing else; nor was it thought safe to attempt it, lest his shallow Capacity should be disabled from performing those useful Parts of *Mechanifm*; but notwithstanding this, I'll engage no one can convince him, but that *you, I*, and all the rest that have chanc'd to look on him, are passionately fond of that swarthy, grinning, unthinking *Physiognomy*: Nay, so immoderately vain has he been, as to find a Place in his Compting-House for gilt Paper, and attempt to write soft and moving Billets; to direct to his *Courtezan*, or *Laundress*, under the Name of a Person of Distinction; and to compleat the Farce, shew'd me his Productions, to give me, (*as he expresses himself,*) an Opportunity of admiring his Talent that Way: Nothing, I am sure, would contribute more to make you despise that unthinking, fluttering Herd, than a View of some of those Compting-house *Lucubrations*; 'tis impossible you should have an Idea of the Man without it.

As their Spleen and ill Nature made 'em utterly disregard any Trouble they might meet with in diverting themselves at the Expence of others, she who had thus pour'd out her Spleen, undertook to find out some Method of extorting from the unhappy

happy *Philander* some very egregious Testimonies of his Weakness and Folly.

More to confirm each other in their assum'd, and perhaps affected Contempt of the Follies, and awkward Finesses of that Part of Mankind which is already describ'd to be so obnoxious to 'em, than any particular Quarrel or Averſion to *Philander*, made 'em ſingle him out as an Object ridiculously adapted for their Amuſement; or rather, 'tis a very plausible Conjecture, that the Vanity of ſhewing thoſe few ſhe thought fit to admit to her Confidence, the accurate Delicacy ſhe imagined herſelf capable of exerting in the Model and Diction of thoſe little *Episodes* of Love, call'd *Billets*, made her reſolve to commence a fictitious Correſpondence, and in the Perſon of an enamour'd *Incognita*, convey to him ſuch Notices, and intoxicate him with ſuch roman-tick Ideas, as could not fail to extort from him the moſt flagrant Proofs of that Self-conceit, and contemptible Pretence to Love and Gallantry, which had ſo juſtly excited the Satyrical Vein of our *preterperfect Beauty*.

Full of pleaſant *Reſveries* on the future Succeſs of their Project, they retired home, and apply'd themſelves forthwith to put it in Execution, I, (*ſays our antiquated Duenna*) will write the Letter, if you will copy it, and permit it to be ſent in your Hand; to which the other Lady readily conſented. Never was the working Noddle of the profoundeſt Politician more deeply engag'd in adjusting the intricate

Affairs of State, than these Female *Machiavals*, in forming Schemes and Canals for carrying on and managing that Intercourse with *Philander*, which was necessary to keep up the Spirit and Appearance of a real Amour, without giving him any Ground to suspect it for Fiction or Design.

Less penetrating Wits than theirs, it must be own'd, might, without much Difficulty, have found a Thousand Means of imposing on our *Hero*, whose native Vanity gave him too advantageous an Idea of himself, not to take every thing for sincere Truth, that had any Tendency to promote the vain and fond Self-Admiration, so apparent in his Person and Behaviour.

By Way of Prelude to their future Farce, an Epistle was fram'd in the following Terms, and sent to *Philander* by the usual Method of Conveyance.

LETTER I.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

SIR,

I Have for some Time had the Honour of the Acquaintance of a Lady, who is so happy as to be much esteem'd by you; a Pleasure, I must own, I have often envy'd her; her great Character of you, together with the small Share I have had, by her Means, of your agreeable Conversation, has inspir'd me with a great Inclination to
 aim

‘ aim at being one of your Intimates : Were there
‘ a Possibility of my being assur’d of my arriving at
‘ such a Bliss, I would soon let you know who is
‘ your Suppliant ; but to discover my self, and be
‘ afterwards flighted, is a Torment too exquisite for
‘ our frail Sex to bear. Let it suffice, till I can fix a
‘ Resolution how to proceed in this Affair, that I
‘ am neither old nor ugly, and in such Circumstan-
‘ ces, that you need be under no Apprehensions of
‘ an Application to your Pocket. I shall take proper
‘ Measures how to proceed as my lucky Stars sug-
‘ gest.

Yours entirely,

PHILLIS.

This, tho’ design’d meerly to discover how susceptible he was, and how well accomplish’d a Coxcomb, succeeded so well, as to afford them the Pleasure of hearing their Letter repeated to them at second-hand, by several to whom he had disclos’d his Prospect of approaching Joy ; nay, so much beyond Expectation was the Success of their Plot, that (*among the rest of his Acquaintance*) he admitted into his Confidence one of our antiquated *Duenna*’s, and express’d much Satisfaction in the Prospect of having her Advice and Assistance in the Prosecution of an Intrigue he thought himself so happily engag’d in.

Flush’d with the unexpected Success and comick Progress of her Design, she soon gave another Specimen of her Address and Dexterity in a second

8 *LOVE upon TICK : Or,*

Letter, which was convey'd in the same Manner as the former ; and it is presun'd the Reader w'on't want many Arguments to induce him to think, that 'tis to the good Opinion she entertain'd of her Wit and Invention he owes all the Amusement he may reap from the Perusal of 'em, together with the Detail of the Circumstances attending, which he may be assured, are recounted with the strictest Regard to Truth, destitute of all Ornaments but what will result from a bare Recital of the Matter of Fact. ----
But to the Letter.

LETTER II.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

Dear Sir,

I T has been committing Outrage to the Modesty of my Sex, to write to you as I have once done ; yet notwithstanding that, a secret Impulse hurries me, and, like a bold *Desperado*, I pursue my own Undoing.

The more I consult proper Measures how to proceed in this Affair, the more I am perplex'd : I have my own Reputation at Heart, and fear no Prejudice from you ; yet the little mean Agents I must necessarily employ in Order to compleat a safe Meeting, I can't yet conveniently fix on, by reason I am oblig'd to go into the Country this Season with my Relations : But, in the mean time, will find out some Method for you to convey

vey your Sentiments to me ; from the Character you bear, I don't doubt your Sincerity, which is the utmost Satisfaction to

Your Faithful Unknown,

PHILLIS.

By this Time, the Effect of his Folly was visible to those who were not at all acquainted with the Cause ; he assum'd an immediate Aire of Superiority over his Companions, and treated with the most insolent Contempt, the kind yielding fair ones with whom he us'd to negotiate for Pleasure ; their Exhibitions were forthwith stopt, and no body now engag'd his Thoughts but his invisible and unknown Charmer, whom he would often toast under the feign'd Name subscrib'd to his Billets.

He began already to reflect with Indignation on the unequal Dispensation of Providence, in confining to dull *sordid* Business one whose Form and Merits were so conspicuously charming, and had in so extraordinary a Manner given Birth to a Passion as intense as e'er inflam'd the Heart of Mortal.

Had our *Heroine* not retained an Inclination to prosecute the Farce, common Pity and Compassion would not have permitted her to depress his now just-rais'd Spirits by an immediate Silence, and damp those *sanguine* Hopes and Expectations he had entertain'd ; fatal might have been the Consequence of such a Procedure to one whose Brains were of too
weak

weak a Contexture to bear the Shock of any sudden Disappointment. ---- But this by the By, to equip our *Virago* with some Motive besides Malice for framing the following elegant Piece of Invention, and sending it to him in the same Manner as the former.

LETTER III.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Did not think I should have been hurried on
 ‘ by the Violence of my Passion to have set Pen
 ‘ to Paper again, without giving you a Cue, either
 ‘ to assure me of your good Inclinations, or entirely
 ‘ reject me: I must either soon find out a Means
 ‘ to know the true State of your Mind, and what
 ‘ Opinion you have of my ridiculous Manner of
 ‘ Address, or entirely abandon my self to Despair;
 ‘ as the now reigning Inclinations of our Family
 ‘ tend towards passing a few Months under the In-
 ‘ fluence of the warm Sun in an open Campaign
 ‘ Country, where I shall be eternally tormented
 ‘ with the insipid noisy Conversation of what they
 ‘ call *Sportsmen*, an Entertainment entirely foreign
 ‘ to my Inclinations; but however, if blind Chance,
 ‘ a prolifick Brain, together with an infinite deal of
 ‘ Industry, does not throw me upon a Method of
 ‘ fixing a Correspondence, I must continue to be
 ‘ miserable; or at least, if I can’t accomplish that,
 ‘ I will assuredly attack you at my Return; either
 ‘ the one or the other you may depend upon from
 ‘ your half-distracted

PHILLIS.

He

He had already Love and Impatience enough to express much Dissatisfaction and Uneasiness at the Prospect of having his approaching Happiness adjourn'd for so long a Time as might be suppos'd to determine *Phillis's* Stay in the Country : He wonder'd how a Person so doatingly fond of him, could have so much Abstinence as to entertain any Thoughts of a Diversion which must so necessarily retard the amorous Congress.

'Tis easy to guess how tickling the Pleasure was that possess'd the envious *Authress* of his Epistles, when he so loudly prais'd the inimitable Style and Spirit with which they were wrote. Flattery is so bewitching, that 'twas next to impossible to conceal the Pleasure that resulted from it, even tho' it came from him ; and 'twas very visible to those whom she would divert with a Detail of her Amusement, that her taking all Opportunities of depreciating the Merit of her Performance, and ridiculing those Billets she had wrote, tended manifestly to point out those Beauties and Graces which are interspers'd, and are pretty visible to those who have perus'd 'em ; *but in a more particular Manner to herself.*

But to return to our *Love-Creditor*. His Stupidity and Want of Penetration was a proper Object for the Envy as well as the Diversion of his Associates. Ye Gods ! What ravishing and extatick Delight may your Creatures expect from a sincere and well-regulated Passion, when the bare Expectation only, and that from one unkown, and in Masquerade, (whose Charms could never be suppos'd to have

have made those indelible Impressions that inspire the Lover's Soul with fond and lost Ideas) could cause so wonderful a Revolution, so manifestly effect a thorough Change of Temper, and strike so stupid a Block with Gleams of perpetual Mirth and Joy : Who could not part with all their Pretensions to Wisdom to be so agreeably deceiv'd ; to be capable of enjoying so charming a Delusion ?

Thus agitated with pleasing Hopes and perplexing Fears, with the uneasy Apprehensions of his Happiness being adjourn'd by an unseasonable Country-Ramble, and (*to do our Philander Justice*) with a sincere Compassion for the Distraction of his unknown Charmer, and a kind Resolution of easing and relieving those amorous Inquietudes he had so fatally given Birth to : In this State of pleasant Perplexity was he, when the following Minute, by the Stile and Writing calculated as if done in haste, inform'd him, that the next Morning would hurry his ador'd *Phillis* from the Town and him.

LETTER IV.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

I Have only Time to tell you, that To-Morrow I set out for the Country, and shall be more or less miserable, according to the Time I am oblig'd to continue there.

Yours entirely,

PHILLIS.

He

He had by this Time equipp'd himself with all the uneasy Impatience of a real Lover, often complaining how insipid the Town was, nay, how much it was his Aversion, since he was assur'd it now no longer held the Person, who only he resolv'd to think deserv'd his Love and Care.

Many and great were his Squabbles with his *sage Confidante*, as well as others of his Acquaintance, who in vain attempted to convince him, that all this romantick Proceeding was calculated only to expose him. *No, no*, 'twas only their Envy that suggested that; he, for his Part, had too much Sagacity to be impos'd on in that Manner; and surely his Person and Merits were not so contemptible, as to render it improbable, that a Woman of Fortune and Quality should condescend to sollicit his Embraces.

This confirm'd our *Autumnal* Fair one, how proper an Object she had pitch'd upon for her Diversion, and open'd a very agreeable Scene of the Amusement she might expect from a Prosecution of her *Scheme*, and thereupon she contriv'd to have the following Letter directed to him as if out of the Country.

LETTER V.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **W**HAT can I say? I am a Woman, and
 ‘ as such, doom'd to Misery: You have
 ‘ the whole Universe to range in, and can chuse
 ‘ where

‘ where you like ; we, by the Custom of our Coun-
‘ try, are obliged to like where our Parents please :
‘ But I, that have a Soul that cannot, nay, will
‘ not be confin’d, must, and will be happy my own
‘ Way. In this dismal Retreat, I have no Happi-
‘ ness, no real Pleasure, but in thinking of you ;
‘ you can’t imagine how much you have captivated
‘ my very Soul ; if I could but inspire you with
‘ half my Passion, I should be the happiest Wo-
‘ man breathing ; one Interview would either com-
‘ plet my Happiness, or plunge me into everlasting
‘ Despair. I have no Hopes but of a Relation of
‘ ours that is with us, who talks of going to *Tun-*
‘ *bridge* ; if she continues in that Mood, I have a
‘ very fair Pretence to go with her ; she is wanting
‘ in Sense, and superior in Years, to be capable of a
‘ Confidence ; but from her Dotage and natural Sim-
‘ plicity, I dare attempt to deceive her. *Tunbridge*
‘ is where Gentlemen of your Age and Gallantry
‘ often resort ; if I did not hope to see you there, I
‘ would not undergo the Pennance of so disagree-
‘ able a Companion. But what is it I would not
‘ suffer to throw my self in your Way ? That
‘ Thought alone has given me some Glympe of Hap-
‘ piness, and charm’d my very Soul, and makes me
‘ even take Pleasure in my Pains. As Providence had
‘ deliver’d me from the Bondage of an insulting Hus-
‘ band, I think it hard to be still subject to the pry-
‘ ing Humours of an old Aunt, to whom I am un-
‘ der no Obligations, but the contrary, my For-
‘ tune being much larger than her’s, and in my own
Pos-

‘ Possession ; but Custom is such a Tyrant, and Re-
 ‘ putation so sacred, that I am oblig’d to submit to
 ‘ many Inconveniencies to avoid Censure. In my
 ‘ Spouse’s Life-time, I had a distant Acquaintance
 ‘ with your Family, we being frequently at *Rich-*
 ‘ *mond* ; but could never have an Opportunity to let
 ‘ you know the sincere Affections of your entirely
 ‘ devoted,

PHILLIS.

O happy *Tunbridge* ! now the Seat of Love as
 well as Health : With much Alacrity did *Philander*
 resolve to visit it, as soon as his enamour’d Unknown
 should certify him of her Arrival there.

Phillis’s being a Widow, added, in his Opinion,
 very much to her Charms ; no jealous Husband, or
 Bravo Brother was now to be fear’d, who might
 interrupt his impending Joy by an unseasonable De-
 mand of Reparation for deluded Innocence, or vio-
 lated Vertue : *Cupid* and *Mars* are seldom in Posses-
 sion of the same Breast ; the little blinking God is
 apt to inspire his Votaries with a more than ordinary
 Aversion for pointed Steel ; and Reason good, for
 hard would be that Mortal’s Case, whose Heart and
 Lungs should be both transfix’d : But it has been
 whisper’d, that our enamour’d Hero was not entirely
 indebted to his Passion, but had naturally an unalte-
 rable Affection for a whole Skin, tho’ when so good
 a Reason can be given as the former, the latter might
 have been spar’d ; but however, so it was, and who
 can blame him ?

He

He had much ado in all *Richmond*, (a Place by no Means barren of Beauties) to pitch upon a Person that answer'd the Idea he had conceiv'd of his *Phillis*: At last he perswaded himself, that a certain Lady who us'd to reside there some Part of the Year, and was as distinguishable for her large Fortune as fine Person, had shown the Elegance of her Taste in chusing him for her Gallant. Pleas'd with the Thoughts of having discover'd the real Character of his kind *Unknown*, he was very assiduous in his Enquiries after that Lady, and where she then resided; and so successful were his Endeavours, that in less than a Month he had authentick Information, that her then Habitation was at a Place about Twenty Miles from Town. Ten Times that Distance would not have deterr'd him from blessing her with an Opportunity of seeing him, the ador'd Object of her Affections, and with no other View than that, (for she was so absolutely a Stranger, that a Person of much greater Address than he would have found some Difficulty in being introduc'd) he rode thither, and before he had waited two Days, was fortunate enough to see her at her Window.

This sufficiently recompenc'd the Fatigue of his Journey, and he return'd to Town full of Triumph and Joy at his Success in so happily discovering his charming *Unknown*, and being happy in giving her so convincing an Instance of his Esteem, as taking so long a Journey only for a View. But alas! how fleeting are all humane Joys? The following Letter at his Return convinc'd him, that *Phillis* was in
another

another Part of the World; and 'tis uncertain whether the soft Expressions of Love and Fondness, in which it abounds, gave him more Pleasure, than the Reflection on his late unsuccessful Journey did Chagrin.

LETTER VI.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

I Die with Impatience for the happy Moment, that
 ' will bless me with a Sight of the Dearest
 ' Man alive; but am in perpetual Dread of a Disap-
 ' pointment, my Cousin being taken ill with one of
 ' these cursed *Kentish Agues*; this unlucky Acci-
 ' dent has overwhelm'd me with Spleen, which I
 ' am sure, Nothing will remove but the Sight of my
 ' everlasting Charmer. Love, Almighty Love, has
 ' charm'd me from every Object but you alone; and
 ' should my cross Stars deny me the Happiness I
 ' have so long wish'd for, I desire no more than a
 ' peaceful Rest in my Grave. That I love you more
 ' than Life and Honour, witness my unquiet Days
 ' and restless Nights, witness all the amorous Indis-
 ' cretions I have been guilty of; Heaven knows how
 ' often my Reason and Religion have check'd me in
 ' this Pursuit, and Nothing sure could stimulate me
 ' thus to persist in my Guilt, but the Fury of a Pas-
 ' sion which Nothing but your charming self cou'd
 ' inspire, and no Change of Time or Place can al-

C

ter,

ter. Oh ! *when ; when* shall I be so happy as to
 see you ? If you prove but half so kind and just
 as I may well say my Passion deserves, the Sun will
 not shine on a happier Woman, than your faithful

P H I L L I S.

The Reader, no Doubt, will be before-hand in his Animadversions in the Stile of this, as well as some of the subsequent Letters, and be apt to wonder how a Person, now past that Season when the raging Fevers of Love inspire warm and soft Ideas, should still be able so feelingly to imitate the real Dictates of that Passion. But let him be assur'd, that whatever Influence, Age, or Infirmities, may have on one, and that the rougher Sex, yet the Impressions made on the other are so deep, and in such indelible Characters, that a little Reflection will soon bring uppermost the Traces of former Passions, and give a Warmth (though perhaps an irregular one) to the Imagination.

But 'tis not design'd to amuse the Reader with Philosophical Conjectures, or any Thing else but what directly tends to the Prosecution of the Story promised in the Title-Page, and when any thing occurs that has not a direct Tendency to that End, he is to impute it to the Barrenness of the Author's Invention, whose Pen is apt to keep in Motion.

To reassume our Story. If any Thing could have added to the Effects of *Phillis's* Charms, it would have been the grave and serious Aire visible in the
 Com-

Composition of her last. *Reason* and *Religion* are Terms very sparingly us'd in Affairs of Love and Gallantry, and like Gunpowder when a Fire rages, never till all other Engines and Methods fail. Our Lover began now to reflect what might be the Consequence of so desperate and unreserv'd a Passion; if timely Assistance was not administred, Madness or Death might ensue; dreadful Apprehensions those, and what necessarily resulted from the melancholly Cant of resting in her Grave. Alas! fond Fool, your venerable *Confidante* could inform you, that all your Pain on that Score was impertinent. Love's a Distemper unknown in the Bills of Mortality. But to convince him that his *Phillis* was of sound and sane Mind, *Urganda*, (*which shall be the Name of the sage Directress of this Affair*) wrote to him the following Epistle.

LETTER VII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **H** Eaven only knows the Sincerity of my Heart,
 ‘ and with what Anxiety I contemplate my
 ‘ wish’d-for Happiness; not knowing how you
 ‘ may interpret all my Professions of Love and Con-
 ‘ stancy; perhaps when I am dictating the sincerest
 ‘ Sentiments of my very Soul, you laugh at, despise,
 ‘ and ridicule me. Oh! What is it I would not
 ‘ give to know how you receive my just and real
 ‘ Passion? for on that depends the Life and Happi-
 ‘ ness

‘ nefs of your faithful *Unknown*. It distracts me
 ‘ how to fix on a Method for a Correspondence ; for,
 ‘ if you should reject me, I’d rather die than you
 ‘ should know who it is you despise under the bor-
 ‘ rowed Name of

PHILLIS.

She spoke the very Sentiments of his Soul, when she seem’d to wish for a Method of corresponding ; ’twas what (*next to seeing her*) he most wish’d for ; the Elegance of his Stile, he did not doubt, would second his lovely *Superficies*, and establish his Conquest. Often, during this *Chicane*, did he write whole Reams full of Professions of eternal Love and Constancy, and shew ’em to his *Confidante*. People of her Cast of Mind are seldom very free of Compliments, and she was very diligent in pointing out what was ridiculous and absurd in those Compositions ; but that he had Address enough to impute to her Ignorance and ill Taste. She has likewise, on expressing a feign’d Distaste at some Expressions in some of her own Letters to him, had the Satisfaction of being convinc’d, that she had not a Soul elevated enough to discover the Beauties that breath’d in every Line which *Phillis* wrote.

’Twas happy for him that he had admitted to his Confidence one so capable as *Urganda* was of diverting the Uneasiness and Anxiety he was under, for Fear the Extravagance of *Phillis*’s Passion should be attended with some fatal Effects ; that and little else
 em-

employed his Thoughts ; he was at a Loss to know why the dear Creature would punish herself by delaying so long the Satisfaction she so earnestly wish'd for ; he, for his Part, would go to the *Antipodes*, nor *Seas*, nor *Lakes* of *Burning Sulphur*, should stay him from her Arms, would she but once direct him which Way to bend his *Course*.

A long Interval now ensu'd, in which he receiv'd no more Billets from *Phillis* ; whether the old Lady who favour'd him with the rest was otherwise engaged, or thought him (*as he really was*) an Object unworthy to bestow so much Labour on, is uncertain. It's probable she had resolved to put a Period to her *Chicane*, and give the Lover a Respite from his *bewilder'd and blind Pursuit*, when the same ill Fortune that first threw him in her Way, prompted him, (when he now receiv'd no more *Billets* from *Phillis*) to affirm, and with a Thousand Oaths and Imprecations assert, that his ador'd Charmer had at last bless'd him with the Possession of her Person, and had already fix'd on a private Part of the Town most commodiously adapted for the amorous *Rendez-vous* ; to these solemn Lies he would add such a Description of her Person and Wit, as might justly entitle him to the Envy of all Mankind.

After he had taken all Opportunities of making this pretended Consummation of his Amour as publick as the Commencement of it, and by that Means made himself sufficiently ridiculous to her who was at the Bottom of the Contrivance, as well as to those who were not ; she, to whose Hand he was indebted for his

former Favours of that Sort, could not forgoe such an Addition to her Diversion, as 'twould be to see with what Face he would *recant those horrid Lies* he had so solemnly sworn to, and therefore once more employ'd her Invention, and hammer'd out the following, which was contriv'd to be sent out of the Country as the former.

LETTER VIII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Have for a long Time perplexed you with a
 ‘ dull Repetition of my Love, and now am
 ‘ scarce able to hold my Pen, to tell you what a State I
 ‘ am in, by continuing so long in this *Agnish Country*.
 ‘ I have had an intermitting Fever above these three
 ‘ Weeks, and Heaven only knows how long I may
 ‘ be confin’d here. I shall come to Town as soon
 ‘ as I am able, for now my Health, as well as my
 ‘ most ardent Inclinations require a Removal from
 ‘ this Place; in the mean time, let me beg of you
 ‘ not to entertain a slight Opinion of my Love; for
 ‘ if Sincerity, and the utmost Degree of Tender-
 ‘ ness have any Merit, or all that can be kindly said
 ‘ or done, bears any Weight, there’s none deserves
 ‘ your Esteem more than

PHILLIS.

’Twas

'Twas above Measure diverting, to see the Concern and Uneasiness he was under at the suppos'd Sickness of his kind *Unknown*; he had no other Method of re-admitting his old Friend into his Confidence, but by retracting all he had told her in relation to his possessing of *Phillis*; her Advice and Assistance he thought too valuable, not to be purchas'd by so trifling a Sacrifice as that of his *Veracity*.

It was a Scene easier imagin'd than express'd, to have seen with how *contrite a Face* he must inform her, that all he had been boasting of was but meer Invention, and *Lies*, and with how much ill Nature she censur'd his Behaviour. This Scene of Hypocrisy was carried on so far, that she in good Earnest perswaded him, that this Sickness of *Phillis* was a Punishment from Heaven for his monstrous Lies. How often did she rate him for so black an Instance of Ingratitude, as that of so ungenerously sacrificing the Honour and Reputation of one to whom he was so much obliged? Our Penitent sincerely resolv'd to do so no more; and if his kind Stars would restore his charming *Unknown* to Health and him, promis'd that nothing on his Part for the future should hazard her Health or Repose.

'Tis pleasant to observe, how meer a Piece of Mechanism humane Nature is, and how easily wrought on; for behold here a Lover to all Intents and Purposes, made so by mere Dint of Art and Dexterity; and 'twill increase his Wonder, if the Reader be inform'd, that *Urganda* was not Mechanick good enough ever to have equipp'd with the Tramels of Love any other

Person besides the present Object of our Diversion, the Instances of whose Folly and Credulity were so superlatively flagrant, as to give her a new Relish for the Prosecution of her Plot, which she was resolv'd should thicken on him, and therefore by the following Letter certified him of his Charmer's Recovery, and Arrival in Town.

LETTER IX.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Came to Town Yesterday, and am but in a
 ‘ very ill State of Health, but being so much
 ‘ nearer my Soul's Delight, will add much to my Re-
 ‘ covery. I flatter'd my self with Hopes of getting a
 ‘ Line from you, and had fix'd on a very honest Tradef-
 ‘ man, who had formerly been a Servant in our Fami-
 ‘ ly, and in whom I can entirely confide, but to my
 ‘ great Disappointment, he is at present in the Coun-
 ‘ try ; I must therefore languish out a few more mi-
 ‘ serable Days, before I can so much as know whe-
 ‘ ther you have received all my Letters ; this is the
 ‘ Eleventh I have wrote you ; if you have re-
 ‘ ceiv'd 'em I must be happy, or you the most ob-
 ‘ durate of your Sex, or otherwise engag'd by some
 ‘ more happy *She*. Oh ! if I should find my self
 ‘ supplanted, Distraction must be my Fate ; this is
 ‘ what I must endeavour to find out, and then I
 ‘ shall with more Ease make my Way to the Arms
 ‘ of my everlasting Charmer, there to remain in such

‘ Ex-

- Extasies of Blifs, as will infinitely surpass what has
• ever been enjoy'd by your constant Adorer,

PHILLIS.

How precarious is humane Felicity ! No Joy without Alloy ; how hard was *Philander's* Fate, who could not enjoy the Reflection of being now in the same Town with his dear *Incognita*, and consequently much nearer the happy Moment of an *Eclaircissement*, without the Perplexity of reflecting that Two of his Letters had miscarried ; this furnish'd him with dismal Apprehensions, lest they should have fallen into the Hands of his Relations, from whom many Reasons made it necessary to conceal any amorous Engagement.

It must be acknowledg'd to be a refin'd *Coup d'Eclat* of *Urganda's*, thus to mention two Letters more than she had wrote, or he receiv'd ; it had its intended Effect, and afforded much Pleasure to observe, with what Caution and Art he directed an under-hand Enquiry, whether any [of the Family had received any of the two Letters. But Time wore out the Uneasiness he suffer'd upon that Account, and gave him an Opportunity of expressing his Joy at *Phillis's* Recovery and Arrival in Town, which he did in a most moving and significant Manner ; for, 'tis said he made a costly Collation to entertain his *Confidante* and her Associate.

He

He had now so effectually gorg'd the Bait, that a Person of less Address than *Urganda* might have prosecuted the Correspondence without any Danger of his mistrusting it for fictitious; she perceiving that, and finding less Caution necessary, grew wanton in her Diversion, and resolv'd to make him shew, (if possible) Instances of his Folly more conspicuous and egregious than he had hitherto done; with that View she sent him the following Letter.

LETTER X.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Have been to visit the honest Man’s Wife I
 ‘ mentioned in my last, who tells me, he won’t
 ‘ be at Home in less than a Month; judge you how
 ‘ uneasy I must be in my present State of Uncer-
 ‘ tainty, a Condition, I must and will put an End
 ‘ to. If I am to be happy, I will know it; if not,
 ‘ I must submit to my hard Fate. I think I have
 ‘ said enough to convince you of the Reality of my
 ‘ Passion; therefore beg and conjure you thus to re-
 ‘ lieve me from a whole Month’s Uneasiness, and
 ‘ my present perplexing Diffidence. That for Four or
 ‘ Five Days after you receive this, if you are inclin’d
 ‘ to value me, you’d wear a Blue String in your
 ‘ Cane; if not, a Yellow; and I’ll take Care to
 ‘ pass and repass in Disguise often enough about the

Exchange

‘ *Exchange* and *Change-Alley*, to get a Glance ; if I
 ‘ see the Blue, I shall be perfectly happy ; if the
 ‘ Yellow, I must fall a Sacrifice to Love, but you
 ‘ shall never know your Victim ; if I see neither the
 ‘ one nor the other, I shall conclude you have not
 ‘ received any of the Twelve Letters I have wrote
 ‘ you.

‘ Could you but feel the Distraction I am in,
 ‘ you’d comply with any Request ; you can’t ima-
 ‘ gine how I am tofs’d between the two Extrems of
 ‘ extravagant Love, and Fear of being betray’d ; if
 ‘ you refuse me this, I shall conclude you know
 ‘ the Power you have over me, and are resolv’d to
 ‘ be severe and cruel ; if not, I shall hug my self
 ‘ with the dear Thought that I am not indifferent to
 ‘ the Man I love. Were it possible for you to be sen-
 ‘ sible with what Pain it is I refrain flying into your
 ‘ Arms, you’d pity and not reproach ; but instantly
 ‘ relieve, and constantly cherish your faithful

PHILLIS.

No sooner said but done ; the Cane immediately
 receiv’d its Blue Ornament, and confess’d the Ma-
 ster’s Flame ; for *Philander* would as soon have em-
 ployed it to break Heads as Hearts ; he had too much
 good Nature, too little Gall, to permit it to be so
 notoriously offensive to either Sex. He might now
 be literally said to march under *Cupid’s Banner* ; for
 in Fact he was his *Ensign*, and with his Colours un-
 furl’d, took various Routs, and with indefatigable
 Pains

Pains *reconnoitred* in one Day every Corner of the Town, which could be suppos'd to be the Resort of charming and wealthy *Belles*, with much Industry and Address exposing to their View, in various Attitudes, the Sky-colour'd Signal of his Love ; sometimes 'twould dangling on his Button hang, there gently mov'd by the soft Throbbings of the neighbouring Heart, devote to Love and *Phillis*, while he with careless folded Arms, and Love-sick fauntring Gate, in the most expressive Manner, represented the languishing Impatience of an expecting Lover : Sometimes 'twould grace his Wrist, while he; brandishing his Cane with firm and daring Steps, walk'd hastily along, as if hurrying to an Assignment : Sometimes the *Amber* Head would touch his Nose, the Ribon gently waving on those Lips, which he by that Means signified, were sacred to the Divine Creature whose Colours he wore ; none other must prophanely dare to approach, forbid it Heaven, and you, O faithful String, guard well that Avenue, permit no Female with unhallowed Lips to taste those Charms reserv'd for her alone ; nor shalt thou want Reward, never shalt thou be forgot while *Philander's* Passion is remember'd ; not *WALLER'S GIRDLE* shall be more immortal.

The Heat and Vigour of his Imagination coin'd a *Phillis* in every Lady he met, every heedless cursory Glance was by him constru'd an amorous Curiosity to know if he had obey'd the Commands of his enamour'd *Incognita*. But as *Phillis* could be but One, he discover'd

ver'd Love and Curiosity enough in the Eyes of a Lady he that Day encounter'd in his Ramble, to take her for no less than the Person who had enjoin'd him the Wear of the Blue Cane-String. Established in this Conjecture, he follow'd her, and omitted no Opportunity of displaying a Thousand impertinent Aires, and confirming her in the Opinion which most who had taken Notice of him that Day had entertained, *viz.* That he was beside himself; his Behaviour and all his Gestures could import no less; his importunate Familiarities at last compell'd her to take Refuge in a Friend's House, and leave him to sustain the Scoffs and Gibes of a gaping Mob. But what o' that? Many and more severe than those are the Combats and Disasters that every *Knight-Errant* meets with in the Pursuit of Mistresses, perhaps as chimerical as *Phillis*.

But Nothing would beat our Hero out of his Love and Resolution to persist, in Obedience to his Nymph's Commands; and for a firmer Adherence to the Letter of her Injunction, he next Day affixed to his Cane a Ribbon of a deeper Hue, true Blue, an Emblem of Constancy. Thus every Day equipped, he omitted no Opportunity of publishing his Obedience to his *Unknown*, till his Folly became as conspicuous as his Cane-String; especially when he declar'd his Resolve to persist in wearing it till *Phillis* blest'd him with an Interview, which in all Probability must be soon, after he had given so flagrant a Proof of his Love and Constancy.

'Tis

'Tis to be wish'd, the sage Contriver of this Amour had not made him exert so egregious an Instance of his insuperable Folly, lest the Reader should, from the Improbability of it, suspect the Truth of the whole Detail ; but the Regard she has to Truth, and the strict Adherence to it, won't permit that any Circumstance in the Progress of this Amour should be pass'd over in Silence, and hopes some Dependence will be had on the Veracity of it, especially when the Assurances are repeated of inserting Nothing but what is precisely and literally true.

During the Contrivance of this Farce, an Accident happen'd that oblig'd *Philander* to take a Journey, which must necessarily engage him for three or four Days, which gave Occasion to his good-natur'd *Confidante* to pitch upon as refin'd a Piece of Mischief as could be invented ; it was to give him an Affignation at a Time when she knew he would not be in Town ; guess at his Perplexity and Confusion at the Receipt of the following.

LETTER XI.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Have seen the Blue Cane-String, and am happy : Inexpressible are the Transports with which I view'd it ; I was so infinitely rejoyc'd that I distrust'd my own Eyes, and came again the next Day and renew'd my Pleasure ; and to shew
‘ you

' you how far my Love triumph'd o'er my Reason,
 ' I solemnly declare the Ribbon did not appear of the
 ' same Blue it did the Day before, that I am perfectly
 ' convinc'd our Senses in the midst of Joy are not
 ' to be depended on. I was in Boys Cloaths, and by
 ' going open-breasted, have got such a Cold I can
 ' hardly speak; yet notwithstanding this, and Ten
 ' Thousand other intervening Accidents, I declare
 ' you are what I adore even to Madness; and if your
 ' Curiosity equals my Folly, be at *Rosamond's-*
 ' *Pond* next *Saturday*, between Two and Four;
 ' there you'll meet one that knows no Happiness
 ' but your Esteem, nor no Torment like your Neg-
 ' lect.

Fly swift, ye Hours, and to revenge that Wrong,
When He and I are met, be twice as long.

' I must now be plain with you, and beg you'd
 ' not meet me out of Compliment to my Satisfaction,
 ' at the Expence of your own, or any other Lady
 ' that has engag'd your Heart; you much mistake
 ' my Temper if you imagine I can accept a Share;
 ' therefore I entreat you at first Sight to be sincere,
 ' and don't come near me, unless your Inclinations
 ' and Desires are equal with mine; then you shall
 ' find I'll meet you with that Eagerness, as shall con-
 ' vince you, my Love is beyond what I have, or
 ' can express. I am, my dear, dear bewitching Crea-
 ' ture, eternally and unalterably yours,

PHILLIS.

The

The Time appointed for the Meeting was elapsed before this reach'd his Hands, which affected him with the most sensible Remorse and Despair ; a Disappointment like this was too great to be borne with any tolerable Share of Patience ; that after such a tedious Course of Expectation, his evil *Genius* should hurry him out of the Way just at the *Crisis* of his Happiness ; that he who had always succeeded in his Attempts on the Fair, should have his Hopes thus frustrated by damn'd ill Fortune ; Nothing else, he swore, could be any Obstacle to his Progress in any Amour ; for he, 'twas well known, never had fail'd to inspire with the warmest Desires all whom he had condescended to invite to his amorous Banquet. But this is the Custom of that inconstant fickle Baggage, the worthy and most amiable Part of the Creation are her Aversion, and often, too often, feel the fatal Effects of her Frowns and Displeasure.

A fatal Instance did *Philander* think himself of this her ill-tim'd Rancour ; he could have no Acquaintance with his *Phillis's* Humour, nor how she might be presum'd to resent her Disappointment, but had heard that the most violent Hatred succeeds the most ardent Love, when neglected, and that Hell does not contain a Fury like a Woman scorn'd. 'Twas reasonable to suppose, that a Woman of her fine Sense would be very poignant, and that it might be suppos'd she could not want Instruments to execute the Dictates of her Revenge. These Surmises, however remote, are the natural Result of an habitual and unalterable Passion for Safety, which *Philander* from his
Youth

Youth up had most religiously entertain'd, and was incorporated into his very Being ; these Impressions were indelible, and not to be obliterated, no, not by Love it self.

Dreadful might have been the Consequences of his dwelling perpetually upon these, and such like melancholly and tremendous Reflections, had not a good-natur'd and sincere Friend sooth'd his troubled and unquiet Mind, by representing, that the good Sense that *Phillis* by her Letters most evidently appear'd to be endow'd with, could not but prompt her to suspect, that other Causes besides Neglect or Indifference, might occasion his not appearing at the Place of *Rendezvous* : She must, without Doubt, know full well, that innumerable Accidents are inseparable from humane Affairs, Sicknes, Miscarriage of a Letter, or, what was now the Cause, an accidental Avocation, are Incidents as common as unavoidable.

Sooth'd with the pleasing Hopes of her putting the true Construction on his Absence, he began to recover, in some Measure, his usual State of Ease and Tranquility, and visited his *Confidante*, in Order to impart to her the terrible Source of his Chagrin, in Hopes that she likewise would speak Comfort to him, and confirm him in the Hopes he had flatter'd himself with, of being still happy in the Possession of his fair *Unknown*. But alas ! that was the wrong Quarter to expect Redress from ; she had long since resolv'd to lose no Occasion of exerting her ill Nature, and gravely told him, she, as a Woman, was

D

by

by far the properer Judge how a Woman would resent such a Disappointment ; she, for her Part, (and *Phillis* she could not but think had as much Spirit, and as elevated a Soul) would as soon cut off her Hand as employ it in Writing to a Man, who she had so much Reason to think unworthy her Affections ; no, she'd tear the fond Passion from her Heart, and persecute with eternal Vengeance the hated Object of her Resentment. In short, she advis'd him as a Friend, to make himself as easy and as resigned as he cou'd, for *Phillis* was either too mean-spirited to be worthy of his Affections, or otherwise he might depend on never hearing from her more, at least, on any amorous Subject.

She indeed began now to think the Fatigue of his Impertinence too great a Purchase for her Diversion, and would have been glad of this Opportunity to drop the Correspondence, had not several whom she had from Time to Time diverted with Accounts of her Progress in it, prevailed on her to prosecute it.

After she had sufficiently fretted him with a Repetition of the Reasons she gave for the Improbability of a Continuance of *Phillis's* Correspondence ; she, to shew her Assurance in those pretended Conjectures, offer'd to lose a small Wager on the next Billet he should receive from *Phillis*, which he readily accepted, while she, with a Resolution to lose, fram'd the following Letter, and sent it him the next Day.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **I** Nhumane Wretch, more barbarous than savage
 ‘ Beasts, they have Pity if not Love, but
 ‘ both are Strangers to your Breast; how could you
 ‘ sooth my fond Heart by wearing the Blue Cane-
 ‘ String, and then deceive me by a sad, sad Disap-
 ‘ pointment, which has cost me many Tears? I am
 ‘ now in a State of inexpressible Sorrow, yet am fond
 ‘ of the least Ray of Hope, and will, in spite of all
 ‘ my Reason, flatter my self, that some unavoidable
 ‘ Accident prevented my expected Happiness,
 ‘ and will not wholly condemn you unheard; this
 ‘ Thought occur’d to me after I had waited my long,
 ‘ long two Hours, and immediately wrote two Lines
 ‘ with my Pencil, and pinn’d ’em under the Bench at
 ‘ the End of the *Bird-Cage-Walk*, that faces a large
 ‘ hollow Tree at the Corner of *Rosamond’s-Pond*; in
 ‘ that Place and Manner, if you think fit to leave
 ‘ your Excuse, I’ll come some Evening and take it
 ‘ away; pray let me not only have your Reasons for
 ‘ using me thus, but a general Answer to all my
 ‘ Letters; if I find by what you write, you seem
 ‘ sincere, I shall with infinite Pleasure appoint you
 ‘ another Meeting, and beg you’d let me know what
 ‘ Days you are most at Leisure, and not put your
 ‘ self to any Inconvenience, for Ceremony is an

' Enemy to all Pleasure, and to none more fatal than
 ' Love : Therefore, if you'd have me value you,
 ' (as I am sure I always shall) use me with Freedom ;
 ' any Time is the same to me, the meeting only with
 ' Safety is all that affects me. I have no Friend that
 ' I can trust, and did I not believe your Honour and
 ' Generosity to be greater than any Man's else, I
 ' should rather chuse to perish in Despair, than have
 ' trusted even you with my Love. Ten Thousand
 ' Blessings attend you, and believe me to be (if you
 ' are what I expect) eternally yours,

P H I L L I S.

Since his late Disappointment, he had taken Care
 to give effectual Directions that all Letters address'd
 to him should be instantly deliver'd, where-ever he
 was, and at what-ever Hour ; in Pursuance of which
 Directions, this last came to his Hands at Midnight
 in his Bed. The fluttering Joy it brought him by
 reflecting that he was not entirely rejected, would not
 permit him to sleep ; and the Pleasure he propos'd in
 triumphing over his *Confidante*, and reproaching her
 with Want of Judgment, in so rashly condemning
 him to an eternal Divorce from his Charmer, made
 him that Instant dispatch a Messenger to acquaint her
 with the Loss of her Wager, and to assure her, that
 the next Morning he would not fail to communicate
 to her the Contents of his Billet ; but her Curiosity
 was by no means great enough to make her willing
 to forgoe her Repose, nor had she Complai-
 sance

fance enough heartily to excuse his giving her so unreasonable a Disturbance, though she, of all Persons, ought not to have resent'd such an *Indecorum*, who had hammer'd out the Love from whence it proceed'd; however, if Nothing else contributed to interrupt her Repose, no great Harm was done.

Not so with our over-joy'd *Philander*! a Heart like his, replete with Love and Joy, could not fail with perpetual Palpitation to keep in Motion the whole humane Fabrick; as well might he attempt to sleep in a heated Oven, as thus wrapt up in Flames.

In this restless, tho' pleasant Situation, he very opportunely resolv'd to apply himself, during the very *Crisis* of his Extatick Fit, to compose a Letter to be left pursuant to the Directions contain'd in *Phillis's*: And surely no Time like this to express the whole Extent of his Love, the soft Dictates of his Heart. ----- But 'tis unnecessary to give any further Account of the Origin of his Billet, the Energy, and natural Beauty that shines in every Line, will convince every one, that it could not be produced by a common Head-piece, or on any common Occasion.
BEHOLD IT!



LETTER XIII.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

*(Superscrib'd, To the only She, Phillis.)**To my Dear Phillis,*

I Thank God you have put it in my Power to let
 you know how far you have engag'd my
 Soul. I will only tell you, I have received all
 your Letters with a deal of Satisfaction, except
 the last but one, in which you give me an Appoint-
 ment to be a *Saturday* last at *Rosamond's-Pond* ; but
 to my great Misfortune, I went to *Richmond* last
Thursday, and did not come to Town till *Monday*,
 I thought I should have gone distracted at the
 Sight of your Letter, that I should be so unhap-
 py as to be out of the Way of my Heart's Delight.
 I likewise found another of your blessed Letters,
 tho' full of Reproach, it gave me a new Life ; for I
 thought I had for ever lost my Happiness ; but I
 hope your Goodness will excuse my not being in
 Town ; I can't be large in this, therefore hope your
 good Self will pardon a Man who never will be at
 Ease but when he sees, or has Letters from you :
 I am oblig'd to go out of Town always on the
 latter End of the Week, therefore our first Meet-
 ing must be on a *Wednesday* ; then you will be plea-
 sed to send your Letters directed to me at *Baker's*
Coffee-house in *Exchange-Alley* ; when ever you will
 honour

‘ honour me with that Happiness, send a Letter two
 ‘ or three Days before you appoint, for I always re-
 ‘ ceive ’em on the second Day. ---- I have now to
 ‘ give you the Satisfaction, I have as much Honour
 ‘ as you can desire, and that I will value yours as
 ‘ much as your own self; and you may depend I am
 ‘ not engag’d with ne’er a Lady in this World;
 ‘ therefore rest assured, that whether I see you or
 ‘ not, I will live and die yours, and keep my self
 ‘ for my dear *Phillis*, and be for ever your never-
 ‘ changing Slave,

PHILANDER.

After having, with great Applause, read it over to himself two or three Times, he seal’d it, and with a Lover’s Haste went to the Place directed, and arrived there almost before there was Light enough to discover the little Note; but *Phæbus* that Instant, with a propitious Glance, appear’d above the Horizon, and gilded the little Envoy of *Cupid*, which directed him in that very Place to leave a Line for his disappointed Fair, and there he devoutly plac’d his Billet, with earnest Invocations imploring the Deities, Guardians of the Place, to preserve it from any base intruding Eye, and convey it safe to the fair Hands of the *ONLY SHE*.

Then taking a Survey of the lovely Situation of the Place, it gave him a fresh Twinge for the Disappointment he had suffer’d by his Absence; he re-

presented to himself the dear Creature sitting disconsolate on that very Bench, her Head reclined upon her Arm, in vain expecting the Approach of her *Philander*. What Heart of Flint but must o'erflow with Tenderness, to reflect on being the Occasion of so much Chagrin to the only Person in the World worthy of his Care? He was firmly convinced of the Justice of her Claim to his Love and Constancy, and solemnly resolv'd to her to devote 'em.

From thence he went, in Pursuance of his Promise, to the Apartment of his *Confidante*, to whom he shew'd the Billet he had been blest'd with the Night before, together with a Copy of that, he had wrote in Answer to it, and left underneath the Bench; and besides the *Encomiums* he bestow'd upon her's, his Task was now doubled, and he had full as much to say in Praise of that he wrote in Answer to it. Nothing surely but the immediate Influence of the little God himself could inspire him with Thoughts and Expressions so moving, so pathetick, so apposite.

One ought to be possess'd with as much ill Nature as she was, to recount the various Faults she found, and Criticisms she made on the Letter he had wrote in Answer to *Phillis's*: The sagacious Reader will, without Doubt, easily point out those Parts of it which are most liable to Exception, and at the same Time candidly impute 'em to the Violence of his Love, which had intoxicated his Brain: Perhaps a Person as far gone in that Passion as *Philander*, might find as many graceful Beauties in the Stile and Composition

position of it as he himself did ; for it is universally allow'd, that the powerful Influences of Love cause a wonderful Revolution throughout the whole humane System, and 'tis not strange to find in a Person agitated by the stupendious Effects of it, that Wit and Folly, Sense and Nonsense, change their Places, and are promiscuously blended ; whether we, the stupid Insensibles, or they, whose Spirits are thus elevated by the little insinuating God, judge most conformable to Truth, must remain a Secret till the last general Bonfire.

As soon as his *Confidante* had it confirm'd from his own Mouth, that he had thus thrust the Dictates of his enamour'd Heart into the destin'd Crevice, a Domestick *Pacolet* was immediately dispatch'd to explore that intricate Magazine of Love, who successfully rumag'd, and as faithfully return'd with that elegant Epistle which just now entertain'd the courteous Reader, and she had the Satisfaction of finding, that her hide-and-seek Lover had not disguis'd a Syllable, but had been exactly punctual in communicating the whole Contexture of it.

The next Day he himself return'd, and finding his Letter gone, without Hesitation concluded, it had reach'd the fair Hand of his kind Unknown ; a Person in his Senses would scarce have imagin'd otherwise, and how should it be expected from him ? For who else could be suppos'd to search for a Letter there besides the Person who directed his leaving one ? Nobody could, or did, that's most certain.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the Thoughts that he had at last apply'd the healing Balm to the aching Heart of his Charmer, by giving her under his Hand such pathetic Assurances of his Love and Gratitude, he returned with a Breast full of Tranquility and Joy, and began to prepare himself for a compleat and uninterrupted Enjoyment of Love and Wealth ; no longer mistrusted his being the Darling of Fortune ; and the extraordinary Adventures of the celebrated *Beau*, who fell by the base Hand of the *Bravo Financier*, did not, in his Imagination, equal the surprizing Life he thought himself just entring on.

However, this Profusion of Joy did not divert him from taking all the Caution and Care that was necessary to secure his approaching Happiness, and to prevent the fatal Effects of a second Disappointment, he secur'd himself a speedy Receipt of his Letters, by appropriating a Horse and Servant, who waited in Town, with Orders to post away when-ever any Letter arriv'd, with the utmost Expedition to him, where-ever he should happen to be absent.

Merciless *Urganda*, has not *Philander* already severely suffer'd ? Guilty tho' he be of the Crime of Coxcomb, has not that Crime yet been expiated ? Assure your self it's a constitutional Error, and 'tis as just to punish a Man for being purblind ; at length extend your Pity, and undeceive him ; every one is by this Time convinc'd of your inimitable Address and Dexterity in Coxcomb-Hunting ; suffer therefore poor *Philander* peaceably to return to his humble *Brothels* ; convince him Nature never design'd him

him for the darling *Endymion* of any Woman of Wit or Fortune. It will not be, on him she resolves to revenge the Quarrels she has to the whole Sex; 'tis he, unhappy he, must suffer for her Twenty Years Neglect. Full of hot Spite and burning Indignation for such a long Series of Contempt, she, with the most ill-natur'd Ingenuity, prosecutes this sham Amour by writing and sending to *Philander* the following *Billet*.

LETTER XIV.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Find I am doom’d to be for ever miserable ; I
 ‘ went on *Tuesday* Evening to visit the Bench,
 ‘ and found my Paper there ; *Wednesday* Noon I
 ‘ came again, and it was gone, and none left in its
 ‘ Room ; I thought I should have swoon’d away
 ‘ with the dismal Apprehensions of being expos’d
 ‘ and betray’d ; I hate your Curiosity, tho’ I adore
 ‘ your Person ; surely you have met with ill Usage
 ‘ from some more happy Lady, and are resolv’d to
 ‘ revenge your self on the whole Sex ; but I surely
 ‘ might have been spar’d ; I, whom you have no
 ‘ Knowledge of, and who can’t have offended you
 ‘ but by an Excess of Love. To my great Satisfac-
 ‘ tion I have made no Discovery of my self, neither
 ‘ shall I, if it’s possible to overcome a Passion which
 ‘ I am too sensible is wrong plac’d. I suppose, be-
 ‘ cause

' cause I have accosted you in this Manner, you think
 ' me some mean or common Woman ; if so, you do
 ' me wrong ; I am a Person wholly unacquainted with
 ' Intrigue, and of Fortune and Quality inferior to
 ' few. I wish I had never seen that cursed Cane-
 ' String, for till then, tho' I was not happy, I was
 ' not capable of being so compleatly wretched ; 'twas
 ' then Love like Lightning pierc'd my inmost Soul,
 ' and danc'd in every Vein ; but now chill'd by cold
 ' Despair. But Oh ! the pleasing Transport when
 ' first I view'd you, how eagerly my Senses drank
 ' that dear but fatal Poyson ! I thought you look'd
 ' all just and good ; that Thought, if possible, I'll
 ' still preserve, nor entertain any other while I have
 ' Life, or you Love. My Vanity suggests to me,
 ' that had I an Opportunity of talking to you, I cou'd
 ' prevail over all your other Engagements ; and till I
 ' am blest'd with that Opportunity, I must continue
 ' to be miserable. I can't in common Prudence blame
 ' your Curiosity and Incredulity, for what can be
 ' expected from a Correspondence of this Nature ?
 ' I am raving mad, I know not what I say or do,
 ' I will as soon as possible put my Reputation into
 ' your Hands ; use me like a Man of Honour, and
 ' give me not Cause to repent of my Folly. I have
 ' no Rest, nor shall you, for I'll haunt you like
 ' your evil *Genius*, till I am satisfy'd whether you
 ' are inclin'd to love me. I find this last Project
 ' has fail'd me, and I can't justly reproach you, for
 ' many Accidents might remove my Paper ; but the
 ' next shall be an Interview, but with this Precau-
 ' tion,

‘ tion, that you previously engage not to watch or
 ‘ follow me. I have consider’d, as you are a Man
 ‘ of great Business, *Sunday* is the best Day ; leave
 ‘ me to the Management of it, for I must and will
 ‘ see you, and in Spite of all Obstacles, be your faith-
 ‘ ful

PHILLIS.

’Tis uncertain whether his Pleasure or Uneasiness
 was the greatest at the Receipt of this, for he had
 been so perpetually harangu’d with the innumerable
 Faults and Absurdities which *Urganda* was perpetu-
 ally pointing out in the Letter he had left under the
 Bench, that he began to rejoyce it had not reach’d
 his *Phillis’s* Hand, and prudently resolv’d to profit
 by his very Disappointments, took this Opportunity
 of assuring his *Confidante*, that the Letter he shew’d
 her, and pretended to have wrote to his *Unknown*,
 was merely to amuse and impose on her ; surely she
 could not in earnest think him capable of writing such
 a Heap of Nonsense, with an Intent of sending it
 to a Person he valu’d.

This Deceit added to his Folly, strengthened his
 Title to her Resentment, and without doubt invigora-
 ted her Resolution to continue her Diversions at his Ex-
 pence ; she cou’d scarce contain her Spleen and Patience,
 formally to tax him with Want of Sincerity, and the
 Ingratitude he had been guilty of, in so meanly im-
 posing upon one who was always so ready to inter-
 pose

pose and assist him with her good Offices and Advice when-ever he requir'd it ; a poor Return for all her Anxieties on Account of his hitherto unsuccessful Amour.

Philander, to do him Justice, did not want a moderate Share of good Nature, and assur'd her, he wou'd no more act with any Reserve as to her, but as long as she pleas'd to continue him the Honour of her Advice and Confidence ; he, on his Part, wou'd be most exactly sincere and punctual in communicating every minute Circumstance in the Progress.

Having thus artfully, as he thought, re-establish'd himself in the good Graces of his *Confidante*, he resolv'd, since *Phillis* had not receiv'd his, to deny to her, as soon as he had an Opportunity, that he ever receiv'd the Note under the Bench, and consequently induce her to think he had no Means of conveying a Letter.

A little Lying has always been held excusable in Affairs of Love, but an Occasion like this scarce ever happen'd before, and therefore it must be left to the Casuists to determine, whether this would warrant such an Inundation of Falshood as our Lover had already been, and determined to be guilty of. The Design of these Sheets is merely to relate Matter of Fact, nor is the Author capable, or equal to the Task, of making moral or other Reflections on any Circumstance that occurs in the Prosecution of the Story.

It gave *Philander* inexpressible Satisfaction to find by the last Letter, that his kind *Unknown* was very
far

far from forming a Resolution to abandon him ; and to ratify that Assurance, he next Day receiv'd the following short concise *Billet*.

LETTER XV.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Have reason’d a long Time, and can’t prevail
 ‘ with my self to give you a Meeting till I
 ‘ have one Letter from you ; I find a Place near the
 ‘ Town is liable to Accidents, therefore as I set out
 ‘ to Morrow Morning for *Uxbridge*, I will fix up-
 ‘ on some safe Place on the Road where you shall
 ‘ leave a Letter ; I will take Care it shall be where
 ‘ there shall be no Danger of my being disappointed,
 ‘ for one more unlucky Accident would throw me
 ‘ into eternal Despair. *I am yours entirely,*

PHILLIS.

Perhaps ’twill be unnecessary to acquaint the Reader, that *Urganda* had Business at *Uxbridge*, and that she herself went thither, and pitch’d upon a Place proper for such a Conveyance as was necessary to carry on this Intrigue. But ’twould be doing her Injustice to recount the romantick merry Method she found out for that Purpose, since the following Letter, which soon succeeded the last, gives so perfect a Description of it.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

I Think I have now effectually secured my self
 against any future Disappointment, provided
 you do your Part, and then I shall be completely
 happy. About a Quarter of a Mile after you
 are past *Hamwell-Bridge*, on the Left Hand, is a
Windmill, opposite to the Road that leads to the
Mill, is a narrow Lane, at the Left Hand is a
 Gate that leads into a Meadow that is very full of
 Chalk-Stones, at the Inside of that Gate, at the
 Side of the Tree which is next to the Hinges of
 the Gate, I have buried a Horn Box with a Piece
 of Paper in it, and cover'd the Place with Chalk-
 Stones; if you please to take that away, and in the
 Box put a Letter for me; I shall go to *Ux-*
bridge again next Week, and as I have done now,
 pretend to be sick, and stop my Coach and take it
 away. This perhaps, Sir, may look a little roman-
 tick and troublesome, but depend upon being suf-
 ficiently recompenced, as soon as I am convinc'd
 by your Letter that you are equally desirous of my
 Acquaintance. Let me know your Leisure Days,
 and I'll not fail giving you a Meeting, for I am
 almost distracted at the many Disappointments I
 have already met with. I hope this Method will
 not fail me, which makes me with Chearfulness
 subscribe my self, unalterably your's,

PHILLIS.

P. S.

P. S. ' The Box is wrapt in white Paper. Don't
' fail me of a Letter, tho' it be to tell me, you hate
' and despise me. If that be my hard Lot, I'll
' cease to trouble you more; tho' I eternally plague
' my self.

As soon as this came to his Hand, he thought he could not be too expeditious in obeying the Contents of it ; nay, he had been provident enough to have wrote a long Letter before he had received the Directions for the Conveyance of it, so that it was soon finished and copied fair ; and as soon as it was thus equipp'd for kissing the fair Unknown's Hand of his *Phillis*, he postpon'd all his other Affairs, to be vacant and at Leisure for a Journey to the *Chalk-Meadow*. To compleat the Farce, this Place was more than Twelve Miles from Town, and 'twas more to save her own Labour in fetching his Letters from thence, than his in leaving 'em there, that *Urganda* did not send him thrice as far ; there's little Reason to doubt his Obedience, to what Place soever he had been sent on such an Errand.

Early next Morning he mounts his Horse, and hies away in Search of the Horn Box, and to his inexpressible Satisfaction, in less than Six Hours, he had the marvellous good Fortune to find the Place, and the very Box ; it's presumed, no Instance can be found in a Christian Country, since the Warfare of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of immortal merry Memory, that a Windmill, a Bridge, a buried Box,

and a hollow Tree; ever encounter'd each other in the same Place.

He could not but mistrust, by the extraordinary Situation of the Place, and the Oddness of the Affair, that Witchcraft and Enchantment must necessarily be employ'd, and did with much Pleasure reflect, that the very Devils had conspir'd with the rest of the Creation, to make him compleatly happy.

After having kiss'd the Box that had been thus happily employ'd by his dear *Unknown*, he devoutly entrusts it with the soft Dictates of his Heart, the dear Excrements of his Brain; and no *Cat* ever took more Care to give a decent Interment to the odoriferous Superfluities of her *Podex*, than did our Lover to cover and conceal from vulgar Hands and Eyes the Overflowings of his Wit and amorous Ingenuity. After having carefully look'd around him, to be convinc'd that no prying Eye had discover'd him making thus a Sacrifice to the Gods of the Earth, he remounted his Nag, and jocundly rode Home, above Measure pleas'd and satisfy'd with a Thousand ravishing and diverting *Resveries* that resulted from his Mistress's Commands, and his Obedience.

This gave him fresh Occasion to extol to his *Confidante* the refin'd Wit, and more than humane Contrivance of his *Angelick Incognita*: Nothing but the most ardent Passion could inspire her with so much Ingenuity; a Place like that seem'd by Nature design'd for extraordinary Scenes and Events; some little trivial Circumstance in the Situation of the Place,

Place, was what perpetually occupied his Imagination; Nothing else, (at least for some Days) employ'd his Thoughts and Tongue, and he was without Cease harraffing his *Confidante* with repeated Descriptions of it. A Pot of Gold would not more effectually have chear'd the Heart of the most penurious Miser, than his was with the Horn Box.

The next Day, *Urganda*, with Mr. *Noedig*, visited the Tree, and soon rak'd up the Box, in which they found *Philander's* second Epistle, and had the Pleasure of observing how exactly nice he had been in shunning those Faults she had upbraided him with in the former; but whether he did not in this afford a larger Field for Criticism, the Reader will best judge when he has perus'd it; which is as follows.

LETTER XVII.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

(*Superscrib'd, To my Dear Phillis.*)

Madam,

‘ I Thought my wearing the Blue Cane-String
 ‘ was sufficient to shew my Constancy, which
 ‘ Colour I have not, nor ever will change, much less
 ‘ my Mind, when-ever I shall be so happy as to
 ‘ know the Person that has made Choice of a Man
 ‘ that will for ever know how to be thankful; there-

' fore, dear Madam, believe me sincere, and let me
 ' know how and where I may be so happy as to come
 ' to a happy Conclusion. With much Grief to me
 ' you have been disappointed at a Place where I was to
 ' meet you, and much more when I went and found
 ' not the Paper ; which Loss, I much fear, I shall
 ' never recover, untill you are pleas'd to appoint a
 ' Place when and where I shall be so worthy as to
 ' see you. You may depend upon my Honour, I
 ' will not be curious, and will desire to know no
 ' more than your Leave will permit me, on which
 ' you may depend ; for I am a Man that will not
 ' forfeit his Word on no Terms. I commonly go
 ' out of Town the latter End of the Week, and re-
 ' turn on *Monday*, therefore beg you to make our
 ' Meeting of a *Wednesday*, and that to be in *London*,
 ' where we may be with more Privacy ; and your
 ' best Way is to come and see for me, for I assure
 ' you, that is your safest Way, since I will take
 ' Care of your Reputation as much as you your own
 ' self, on which you may depend ; and rest assured,
 ' that I remain your most humble, and obedient Ser-
 ' vant to command,

PHILANDER.

P. S. ' After I wrote this, I received the Favour
 ' of your's last *Saturday* Night ; and I have only to
 ' add, that you may depend I will for ever value
 ' you, desiring you would appoint a Meeting spee-
 ' dily, for I am now out of Patience for that happy
 ' Time

' Time when we shall be together : I beg you'll no
 ' longer delay it, and the first *Wednesday* you'll be
 ' pleas'd to appoint, the best and safest Way is to be
 ' at *Rosamond's Pond*, where I will not fail to be as
 ' soon as you'll let me know it, which will be at
 ' Four a-Clock in the Afternoon ; there I will stay
 ' till you come up and speak to me, for Fear of a
 ' Mistake. When you are pleas'd it should be so,
 ' let me have a Letter two Days before, because there
 ' may not be a Delay, as I have found before, which
 ' was the Occasion of our Disappointment, hoping
 ' there will be no more ; so remain with Impatience
 ' till that happy Hour, and you may depend on me to
 ' to be your unalterable Servant and Lover. Pray
 ' when you appoint, note the Day of the Month it
 ' is to be on, that I may not meet with more Disap-
 ' pointments, for another will make me distracted,
 ' since I have now no other Desire in this World
 ' than to see you, and then I shall be your happy

PHILANDER.

'Twas now almost impossible to imagine what Sub-
 terfuge *Phillis* was next to have Recourse to for car-
 rying on the Deceit, after expressing so much Im-
 patience, and repeating so often, that she waited
 for Nothing but an Assurance of his giving a favour-
 able Reception to the Tender she had made him of her
 Person, and a mutual Promise of Constancy, Secre-
 cy, and Love ; and after all, this was so emphatically
 done in his last, how could she acknowledge the Re-

ceipt on't without immediately flying into his Arms ? If the Receipt of this Letter likewise was disown'd, 'twas unreasonable to imagine such an Addition to his Stupidity as not to discover the whole to be a Cheat.

In this Exigence, it fortunately occur'd that *Philander* had drawn a Parallel between this Affair and the Fortune of Beau *W-----n* ; that Whim deserv'd to be encourag'd, and promis'd an inexhaustible Fund of ridiculous Buffoonery ; *excellent Fuel for her Spleen.*

It is to be premis'd, that *Philander*, (among the rest of his Accomplishments) was bless'd with an un-fatiable Appetite for Money, and Nothing gave a greater Gust to his Pleasures than their Cheapness ; an Expectation therefore of Profit added to the tickling his Vanity, could not fail of securing his whole self, and make him the more easily swallow the most gross Absurdities.

The Person of his Unknown was now to be the second Course ; he must first of all receive a Blessing of an inferior Nature, his Joy must have a gradual Assent, his Heart would not contain it, if administred all at once : Common and vulgar Persons can meet, and proceed to the Consummations and Rites of Love, but the Nicety of his *Phillis's* Passion, would not permit her to embrace a Man whom she had not previously laid under Obligations, a certain Method of securing his Obsequiousness and Observancy. This was striking a bold Stroke, and produc'd the following *Billet*, which *Philander* receiv'd about a Week after his Journey to *Uxbridge*.

LET.

LETTER XVIII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **T** H E Pleasure I had in taking up your Letter is infinitely beyond what Words can express ; this you must believe, or think all I have wrote is Farce and Banter ; but to assure you of the contrary, I have resolved before I meet you, to do something to convince you beyond all Contradiction, that I am one that entirely loves you, and of that Fortune, Generosity, and Character, I have all along pretended to, and in Gratitude shall be strictly cautious of your Reputation.

‘ I have Thoughts of presenting you with a handsome Equipage, which if you please to accept, let me know where to send it, and in whose Name ; if ’tis agreeable to your Inclinations to make a Figure in Life, I will send you a Thousand Pounds in Bank Bills : Don’t refuse the *Equipage*, if ’tis agreeable to you to appear in one ; for I shall settle on you such an Annuity as shall support you in it for Life. I know your Character, and that the Greatness of your Soul will prompt you generously to refuse my proffer’d Bounty : No, Sir, I insist upon your Acceptance of it, in one Respect or the other ; for the Person that will not be oblig’d by me, is under no Obligation to be secret. Above all, let me intreat you to admit no *Confidante* in this Affair, unless you have a Friend of approved

‘ Goodness and Probity. There will be a Necessity
‘ for a Third Person, and I for my Part, know no
‘ body I dare trust, therefore be very careful in your
‘ Choice. Since I have been so successful after my
‘ many Disappointments, to meet with your dear
‘ Letter, I can think of no better Place for you to
‘ leave a Line for me, enclos’d in a Box, as before,
‘ which pray delay not to do, and let me know by
‘ which of the Ways I have mentioned you will be
‘ most oblig’d; one or the other you must have be-
‘ fore I see you, then we shall meet without Scruple,
‘ you without the least Distrust of my being what I
‘ pretend to, and I without the Fear of you, and
‘ with an Eagerness suitable to the Dignity of my
‘ Passion, and the Goodness of the Man I adore,
‘ Tho’ I once attempted to meet you, I am now glad
‘ I was disappointed, the Place was too publick, I
‘ have a much better in View, and in *London*; and
‘ from our first Meeting we will so settle Affairs, as
‘ to meet often without the least Danger of be-
‘ ing censur’d by any Mortal. You need be under
‘ no Apprehensions of my being impertinently trou-
‘ blefome, or engaging too much of your Time. No,
‘ Sir, the Regard I must and will always have for my
‘ Character, won’t admit me to give you very frequent
‘ Meetings. I once more beg your utmost Care and
‘ Caution, and you’ll for ever find me your con-
‘ stant Adorer,

PHILLIS.

P. S.

P. S. ' Let me know, if I send the Bank-Bills,
' whether they'll come safe, if directed as usual ; if
' not, let me know how to send 'em.

His swallowing so gross a Bait as this, makes him appear an Object too contemptible to engage the Art of any Person upon Earth, and so wou'd he have appear'd to the sage *Urganda*, had she not prudently consider'd, that it was owing to her Management and Dexterity that he was disengag'd from that little Sense and Reason he was before Master of.

'Tis certain he was so far from distrusting his Unknown's Performance of the generous Offers she had made him, that he very seriously apply'd to his *Confidante*, to advise whether the *Equipage* or the *Money* was most proper for his Acceptance ; and after mature Deliberation, very modestly condescended to accept of the trifling Present of *One Thousand Pounds* ; and in this only Instance does *Urganda's* Conduct seem to be unwarrantable, in that she did him a real Injury ; for he was so firmly and fully assured of the Reality of the Offer, that he was on the Credit on't guilty of some false Steps in Point of *Oeconomy*, and had it not been for the Diswaſions of his Friend, he would have fitted up a House with expensive Furniture in some Place proper for his approaching Assignations, and had proceeded so far as to treat with one of his *Female Acquaintance*, and to offer her a very liberal and plentiful Exhibition to reside there, and take Care to supply him and his *Phillis* with all necessary Accommodations.

But

But however, 'twas judg'd by him and his *Confidante* to be by no Means proper to defer answering the last Letter, and the Contents of it could not but put him upon shewing it more Respect than the last he sent ; a *Horn Box* was by no Means a proper *Vehicle* for such a Profusion of Love and Gratitude as this last Dispatch was to be charg'd with, he therefore very judiciously determined to give it a more pompous Interment, and as he had all along consulted his faithful *Confidante* on any Emergency, he now demanded her Advice, who (knowing that she herself was soon to be in Possession of it) very modestly made Choice of an elegant and beautiful Snuff-Box, which she told him could not but take the Eyes and Fancy of his *Unknown*, and besides the Recommendation it would be to her, that it had been instrumental in conveying a Letter from him, might be an acceptable and useful Present, and a Means of perpetually engaging her Thoughts and Imaginations on his Love and Gallantry. In it he inclos'd another elegant Billet, and made a second Journey to the sacred *Elm*, at whose Root he had buried his last, and there made this second Deposit of his Love and Wit, which is as follows.



LETTER XIX.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

Dear Madam,

‘ THE Satisfaction I have had in the blessed Fa-
 ‘ your of your agreeable Letter, is impossi-
 ‘ ble to express, finding my self unworthy of the Fa-
 ‘ your you design to bestow on me; and can only
 ‘ assure you, that my only Wish is to know the
 ‘ Author of so many fine Expressions, and to assure
 ‘ you, Madam, that it shall always be my Study how
 ‘ to respect and value your Honour to the last De-
 ‘ gree, as you would do your own self.

‘ I return you Thanks for your Offer in sending
 ‘ me an *Equipage*, which for many Reasons I don’t
 ‘ think proper, having always my Uncle’s at Com-
 ‘ mand; and as for any other Present, I think it need-
 ‘ less, but since you lay your Commands upon me,
 ‘ I’d rather obey than be impertinent. As to direct
 ‘ any thing to me, I think the Way you have hither-
 ‘ to made use of is safe; but to be more cautious, if
 ‘ you send it to any of the *General Penny-Post-Offices*,
 ‘ telling them it is of Value, they will enter it in their
 ‘ Books, and then there is no Danger. As to a
 ‘ Third Person, I will take Care to make Choice of
 ‘ a trusty One, but will defer it till such Time as
 ‘ we have had one Meeting, which I pray may be
 ‘ as soon as possible, for I shall never be easy till I see
 ‘ a Lady that makes so much Esteem of me, hoping
 I,

60 *LOVE upon TICK : Or,*

‘ I shall have Sense enough to be for ever thank-
 ‘ ful. Pray, Madam, let it be no longer delay’d our
 ‘ Meeting.

*Pursue your Chace,
 And on my Honour depend ;
 When you and I are met,
 You will never repent.*

‘ I beg for God’s Sake, you’d take me out of this
 ‘ Pain as soon as possible, for till I am so happy as to
 ‘ see you, I shall never be easy ; *for surely it must*
 ‘ *come from God so great a Blessing as is preparing for*
 ‘ *me.* I shall once more let you know, I have Ho-
 ‘ nour in me more than can be expected in Man, and
 ‘ so remain for ever praying for your Welfare, your
 ‘ most humble and most obliged Servant and Lover,

PHILANDER.

P. S. ‘ Pray when you write, you would date your
 ‘ Letters, and let our Meeting be on what Day you
 ‘ please, only let me know it two Days before-hand,
 ‘ and then we won’t be disappointed. I have many
 ‘ Things to say when that blessed Day shall come.

It did not lay long there before *Urganda* seiz’d it as
 a Tribute due to her refin’d Invention. ’Tis hard to
 say whether he or she took most Pleasure in these mad
 Rambles, since ’tis said, there’s as great Pleasure in
 being *Cheated*, as to *Cheat* ; and whatever Pleasure
 he promised himself from the compleat Enjoyment of
 that

that Love to which this was only a Prelude ; she reap'd no less, on reflecting on the Applause her Ingenuity would meet with when-ever she should publish to the World this successful merry Product of it.

But what was now to be done ? 'T would be carrying the Jest a great deal too far, besides giving the Laugh out of her own Hand, to have sent the *Thousand Pounds* he had so graciously signified his Acceptance of ; she was loth to do that, and equally loth to forego the Diversion she promised herself by prosecuting this Affair a little farther. She very prudently consider'd, that in real Intrigues, Nothing contributes to keep up the Spirit and Vigour of the Passion more than a well-tim'd Quarrel, and that the Fair one's Wit and Smartness never appears more to Advantage, than in the genteel and tart Reflections dictated by a pregnant Resentment. But while the Lover was all Submission and Obedience, 'twill be hard to pick out any Circumstance whereon to ground her Indignation ; no Matter for that, a fictitious Quarrel may very properly owe its Birth to a fictitious Cause, and 'twas very easy, (while there was the least Probability of the Miscarriage of a Letter) to deny the Receipt of this last, and the Neglect of answering a Billet so wonderfully obliging as her's was, cou'd not but be suppos'd to give ample Occasion for her Anger.

Besides diversifying the Scene of her Amusement, she had other Ends to serve by taking this Method. First, If his Acceptance of the *Thousand Pounds* was
not

not notify'd to her, he could not expect to receive it, and so that Difficulty would be obviated. Next, She began now to wish for an Opportunity of reviewing the Progress of this Correspondence, which could not easily be recollected without a Perusal of her own Letters, which she had not afforded Pains enough to keep Copies of, and a Demand of them would be absurd, without pretending a Quarrel.

On those Considerations, therefore, she resolv'd to deny the Receipt of his last, (which to add to his Chagrin, came inclos'd in the *Gay Box*) and from thence take Occasion to expatiate on the Merit of her Condescensions, and his Ingratitude; this was a very copious Subject, and how well she acquitted herself in this artful Imitation of the passionate Expostulations natural to a neglected Female, the Reader will best judge when he has perus'd the Letter, which is as follows.

LETTER XX.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **W**HAT have I done to deserve your Neg-
 ‘ lect so far, as not to receive a Line in
 ‘ Answer to my last ? Are you bound down by
 ‘ Nature and Inclination to be a Compting-House
 ‘ Drudge for ever, and entertain no Taste of a politer
 ‘ Scene of Life ? Or do you imagine I offer what
 ‘ is not in my Power ? No, Sir, what I offer’d
 ‘ comes infinitely short of what I intended for you.
 ‘ This

‘ This you possibly may not believe ; but what can
‘ I do farther to demonstrate my Sincerity, if the
‘ unreserv’d Tender I have already made of my Per-
‘ son and Fortune won’t do it ? The violent Pre-
‘ judice I had entertain’d in your Favour, made me
‘ flatter my self with Hopes that you had differ’d
‘ from the general Character of your People ; but
‘ since I find you a true Inheritor of your Forefa-
‘ ther’s Incredulity, I must leave you to the State of
‘ Drudgery your Stars and Constitution seem to have
‘ design’d for you. I can’t but think it the greatest
‘ Misfortune of my Life, to have thus inadvertent-
‘ ly plac’d my Affections upon a Person so invinci-
‘ bly stupid, and shall find it the hardest Task I ever
‘ met with intirely to forget you. This one Re-
‘ quest I have only now to make, which, if you re-
‘ tain the least Spark of Honour, you must grant,
‘ that is, to return me all my Letters, and I will return
‘ yours ; you may send ’em in a Box to the same
‘ Tree where I had your last. I conjure your imme-
‘ diate Compliance, and in Return, I’ll promise never
‘ more to aim at lifting you up above your *Genius*.
‘ Had I not been blinded by the Violence of my Pas-
‘ sion, your disrespectful Direction to me, in one
‘ of your Letters, to come and look for you, might
‘ have let me into your Character, and deterr’d me
‘ from ever having given you any further Trouble.
‘ I am, (as Love and Friendship will always oblige
‘ me to be) your Friend to serve you,

PHILLIS.

More

More good Manners could not in Reason be expected, when so good Reasons were given for her Resentment : And 'tis easy to believe, that *Urganda* had often written Letters of this Stamp, without being at a Loss, (as she now was) for a real Occasion ; 'tis else scarce credible she should so fortunately hit upon a Stile and Expressions which so naturally display the Resentment of a disappointed, neglected, enraged Female.

But who can describe *Philander's* Disquiet and Uneasiness at the Receipt of this ? Thus by one unlucky Accident to lose a fine Snuff-Box and a Mistress, could administer no small Affliction. The Perplexities and Pleasures of Love consist equally in Imagination, and 'tis alike dissonant from the Character of a Man of Sense and Reflection, to be affected with the one as with the other. The admirable Address of *Urganda*, first in an artful Imitation of Love, and afterwards in so naturally counterfeiting real Anger, and sincere Resentment, plainly shews how ill-grounded are the Pleasures and Pains which result from the Smiles or Frowns of that Sex ; to view them in a just Light, they should be look'd upon as a Race of Mortals by Nature design'd for the Plague of the rest of the Creation, and all their Allurements, all their Charms, as so many Baits, calculated for carrying on that their fundamental and principal Pursuit.

For Want of such a Regimen as this, poor *Philander* was once more at his Wits End, incapable of enjoying his Rest, or exercising his Reason, sometimes mad

mad as a raging Bull, imprecating the hottest Vengeance of all the Gods on that accursed Hand that he suppos'd had remov'd his Box ; at other Times all calm and gentle, imploring an Opportunity of convincing his *Unknown* of his Love and Innocence ; nay, his Madness would sometimes extend so far, as to arraign even her, the divine Object of his Affections, and in the Bitterness of his Heart, to belch out most severe Reflections on her over-hasty Credulity and Want of Consideration. His Anger was carried to such an Heighth, as to break out in the most tremendous Declaration that ever issued from the Mouth of an expecting and impatient Lover : What Heart of Flint but must recoil and shudder, to hear him solemnly affirm, that he should never love her so well as heretofore ? So much had her indiscreet Upbraidings depreciated her in his Esteem.

But the most furious Gusts of Passion soonest blow over, and he, with the Assistance of his *Confidante*, recover'd his Senses enough to reflect, that he was not quite destitute of Hopes, since his *Unknown* had given him an Opportunity of Writing ; that Thought afforded him the comfortable Assurance of regaining her Esteem and Love by the inimitable and resistleless Energy of his Pen, (for he had ever entertain'd a more than ordinary good Opinion of his Performances that Way) which established him so firmly in his Hopes of Success, that all the Arguments his *Confidante* could use, would not persuade him to shew a submissive Obedience by returning her Letters, pursuant to her peremptory

Mandate : No, as they were dearer to him than his Life, he'd as soon part with the one as the other, and boldly resolv'd to disobey ; 'twas Time enough to do that when all other Means fail'd ; at present it must suffice to pacify her haughty Soul with this Explanation of the Innocence of his Behaviour and Punctuality in answering her Letters,

LETTER XXI.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

Dear Madam,

‘ I Have receiv’d my dreadful Sentence this Day
 ‘ by Favour of a Letter from a Lady that I have
 ‘ esteem’d from the first of our Correspondence ; I
 ‘ cannot find any Relief till you call that dismal
 ‘ Doom back. Give me Leave to clear my Inno-
 ‘ cence, of which I shall give such Proofs, that you
 ‘ will entirely believe that I am the Man that shall for
 ‘ ever know how to value you, and regard what-ever
 ‘ you shall please to command ; therefore, for God’s
 ‘ Sake, don’t think I have any Ways neglected your
 ‘ Favours ; for I here protest on my Honour, that
 ‘ the Moment I received your Letter, I instantly
 ‘ gave Answer, and such as I thought would make
 ‘ me happy ; but to my great Misfortune, I find it
 ‘ is not come safe to your Hands, which will be the
 ‘ Occasion of my everlasting Despair. I beg you’d
 ‘ believe, that what I say is for the Sake of your
 ‘ Person

' Person, and not for your fine Promises of Presents ;
 ' and believe me, I am not so incredulous as you ima-
 ' gine me to be ; for I protest to God and ourselves,
 ' that I am now under the greatest Pain imaginable, and
 ' am not capable of enlarging farther, but conclude
 ' your Slave and distracted Lover till Death, which
 ' won't be very long, unless you reprieve me. I
 ' beg you'd pardon my not sending back your Let-
 ' ters ; for, as I hope you will not condemn me
 ' without a farther Hearing, so I hope you'll still
 ' call back that dreadful Sentence, and beg you will
 ' consider on the Man that will for ever love you.
 ' In short, if I have not a favourable Answer, I shall
 ' not be able to outlive a Loss so great as your dear
 ' self. If you please to honour me with a Meeting,
 ' and you won't have me know you, pray come
 ' mask'd ; I give you my Honour I won't offer to
 ' be inquisitive, nor desire any thing farther than
 ' you'll permit me. I am distracted

PHILANDER.

Philander was far short of his Mark ; no Subterfuge
 would prevail with his *Unknown* to forego the De-
 mand of her Letters ; *Urganda* was not of a Temper
 easily to give over what she had once attempted ; and
 as she had resolv'd to get the Letters into her own
 Hands, would not be satisfied without them ; 'twas
 insupportable to her, to think that he who had been
 so long and throughly her *Dupe*, should now evade
 the Performance of any Thing she exacted from him ;

besides, 'twas possible some unforeseen Accident might discover her to be the Author, and then he in his Turn might find an Opportunity of retorting the Injuries he had received. As she now held him by the double Ties of Love and Avarice, on this Occasion she resolv'd to use both.

'Tis pleasant to observe, that as much Cunning and Forecast, Plot and Contrivance, are made use of in the most trivial Affairs, as in all Probability might, if employ'd in other Instances, determine the Fate of Empires ; whence 'tis natural to infer, that as much goes to the Composition of a Buffoon, as a Politician, and in that Sense our *Urganda's* not inferior to the great *Alberoni* ; and to carry the Corollary a little farther, where the *Cardinal* would have sent one of his Devotees on a Pilgrimage, she has sent her's to the hollow Tree, and both seem alike to deal in Penances and Pardons.

But to return to *Philander*. Great was his Surprise, insupportable his Uneasiness, when he found his last met with no better Success, and that instead of an immediate Reconciliation, which he imagin'd would ensue upon the submissive Contents of this last, he found the Demand of his Letters repeated in stronger Terms than before. But 'twould be doing *Urganda* Injustice to use any Words but her own in expressing the Arguments she made use of to get them from him.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

I Have been so happy as to find your Letter, but
 ' am very much alarm'd at not finding my
 ' own, not knowing what Construction to put
 ' upon a Refusal of that Nature, unless it be with an
 ' Intent to expose me. I dare challenge you to pro-
 ' duce a President of a Man of Honour's not com-
 ' plying immediately with such a Demand. 'Tis
 ' with infinite Pleasure I reflect upon my past Con-
 ' duct; had I appear'd, I should have been inevita-
 ' bly ruin'd; but now, as my Hand is known only
 ' to few, and those none that you converse with, I
 ' am under no very uneasy Apprehensions: But if
 ' your Intentions correspond with your Professions,
 ' to what Purpose should you aim at making me un-
 ' easy? I, for my Part, would do any Thing, tho'
 ' never so hazardous, to convince you of my Love,
 ' and to be deny'd such a Trifle, is a very ungrateful
 ' Return.

' I since really wish I had gone to *France* this Sum-
 ' mer with my Sister, whose Husband is there;
 ' which I certainly had done, had not the Thoughts
 ' of securing you first prevented me. Though in
 ' common Gratitude, I must own, I am in some
 ' Measure indebted to you for the great Plenty and
 ' Affluence I at present enjoy: in Case I had gone
 ' then, I had certainly sold all my *Mississipi*, which is

' since fold at Thirteen Hundred, very much to my
 ' Loss, as that Affair stands now, and my Brother
 ' has invested it in *Dutch East-India* Stock. I am at
 ' present in the utmost Confusion, and know not
 ' how to dispose of my self; I love you to Di-
 ' straction, but dare not trust that Man with my Re-
 ' putation, who refuses me the only Thing that can
 ' convince me of his Honour. I'll resolve, as soon
 ' as the Weather mends, to go to *Holland* ; perhaps
 ' the different Conversation and Amusements there
 ' may stifle this fond Passion. How happy should I
 ' have been to have had your House to make my
 ' Remittances to, for I know none with whom I
 ' dare trust so great a Sum. I will resolve to go, but
 ' remember, that whatever Changes, Chances, or
 ' Accidents of Life shall happen to me, I shall for
 ' ever adore you, and wish you had as much Ho-
 ' nour as I have Love. You can't blame my Cau-
 ' tion, for who, in common Prudence, would trust
 ' a Person that refus'd to put it out of his Power to
 ' do an Injury ? We are taught to believe, that the
 ' Honest, Generous, Just, and Good, never desire to
 ' have it in their Power to do ill, but throw up all
 ' to evince their Sincerity. I am, as I shall ever con-
 ' tinue,

Your constant Adorer,

PHILLIS.

P. S.

P. S. ' I shall go to *Uxbridge* before I depart the
' Kingdom, and shall call at the Tree for my Letters :
' Perhaps on second Thoughts you may see your self
' in the Wrong, if not, I must fall a Sacrifice to
' your pretended Honour, and curse my Folly. You
' desire me to meet you in a Mask ; how can you
' think me so easily impos'd on, as to have Honour
' in one Part, and not in another ? No, Sir, Ho-
' nour is a Perfection of so nice a Nature, that its
' Votaries are incapable (on the most trivial Occasion)
' of acting contrary to its Dictates.

Alas ! too cruel and inhumane Fair ! is Nothing
of Force enough to divert you from your barbarous
Resolves ? Can't you be content with denying *Phi-*
lander the View of your Mask, without adding to
his Misfortunes the Loss of your dear Scrawls ? Thus
did the unhappy Swain argue, and in the most mo-
ving Strains, deplore that fatal Hour and Accident
that had drawn down the Displeasure of his ador'd
Unknown. In vain did he endeavour to prevail
with himself to part with those dear Instruments of
Love, and in vain attempt to dare to disobey ; fatal
might have been the Consequence of such a Proce-
dure ; one so soon provoked as she was, and that
without any certain Proof of an Offence, would
without doubt be inexorable on such a bare-fac'd
Contempt of her Command.

In this *Dilemma* he was strongly induc'd to re-
turn the Letters, on Consideration of her having de-
clar'd, that Nothing deterr'd her from giving him an

Interview but her Suspicion of his Honour, which he could not but imagine would be effectually clear'd up by such an implicit Obedience; he had too most extravagant Expectations from such an Interview, and did not doubt the immediate Possession of the large Fortune she boasted of, as well as her Person: A Woman, enamour'd as she was, surely could deny Nothing to the Man she so passionately lov'd, one happy in so engaging an Address, in a Person so lovely, so replete with insinuating, bewitching, and irresistible Charms.

By his forming these politick and designing Schemes, 'twas easy to discover him to be in a great Measure disengag'd from those Ties of Love with which he had been heretofore so effectually muzzled; in good Truth, her avow'd Suspicion of his Honour, calling him Compting-House-Drudge, together with some other disrespectful Expressions she had us'd, had very much weaned him from giving into those fond *Foibleſſes*, and diverted his Pursuits more directly into the Channel of Avarice; which is a farther Specimen of *Urganda's* Address and Dexterity, who could with as much Ease extinguish as kindle those fictitious Flames. But this Respite was given to his amorous Pangs only with a View of redoubling their Force, and if *Urganda* lives, they shall as surely return as a *Tertian Ague*; 'twas but diverting herself by Halves, to see him engag'd only in contriving Means of enriching himself.

During this Vacation it was, that he employed his Wits to find out some Means of retaining the Letters, and at the same Time, regain the Esteem and Favour of his *Unknown* ; in Order to effect that, he very judiciously excus'd his Disobedience, by pretending his Fear of their Miscarriage; and to soften the Rigours of her Resentment, artfully murmur'd at her making such harsh Returns as she did to his Passion.

This perhaps is the only Epistle in the whole Series of his Correspondence that he penn'd in cool Blood, without having his Quill shaken by the feverish Palpitations of an enamour'd Heart ; and therefore by the Diction of this only the Reader is to form a Judgment of his Ability and Capacity. The Prolixity on't is a farther Proof that his Mind was more sedate, and his Spirits not so volatile as formerly.

LETTER XXIII.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

Madam,

‘ **I** Received your Letter of *Thursday* this Day, and
‘ really expected a much better Reception than
‘ what I have met with, and so must take upon me
‘ to give you a very large Answer to every Particular,
‘ desiring your Patience in the following Articles.

‘ **I**

‘ I am surpriz’d you should reflect on my Honour,
‘ because I did not send your Letters ; you may as-
‘ sure yourself, I did not refuse it because I had a si-
‘ nister Intent in it, for if I had sent ’em, and they
‘ should have miscarried, you would never believe
‘ me ; for when I had met with one Disappointment,
‘ it would not have been prudent to trust a Thing of
‘ that Consequence to miscarry, as one of my
‘ Letters did that I wrote to you ; that is the Rea-
‘ son I did not send them ; but I will put you in
‘ a Way how to have them all back. I remember in
‘ one of your former Letters you wrote me, of an
‘ honest Man that you could trust, but he was in the
‘ Country, if he is come home you may send him
‘ to me, and I give you my Honour, I’ll deliver
‘ them all to him ; only for a Voucher let him bring
‘ one Line from you, and then you will be convin-
‘ ced, there is Nothing in this World I will refuse to
‘ a Lady ; for if I was to do so now, it would be
‘ new in me, for as yet I never refused any Thing
‘ to the Fair. In this Article I have been plain
‘ enough ; now to other Purposes.

‘ As to my being a Compting-House - Drudge,
‘ I am indeed a Governor. I thank God I am in
‘ very good Circumstances ; but let this rest.

‘ As to my being unbelieving, I assure you, I ne-
‘ ver was so in Regard to you ; for I am always too
‘ easy to believe every Thing that has a true Co-
‘ lour. Give me Leave to tell you, that from the
‘ first Hour I had the Favour of your Letters, I
‘ have left off all Manner of Correspondence with
‘ all

all your Sex, and have kept my self only and entirely to be your Servant, tho' I did not know you, which, if I would have been inquisitive, I might before now, but always depended on your Sincerity. I thought my Time would come of being happy, and now find my self mistaken, without committing any Fault, but to the Misfortune of the Miscarriage of a Letter, which no body could prevent; for I assure you, I have gone to the Tree every Time my self, and put the Letters there with my own Hand, as I will do the same with this, and now makes the fourth Time I have been in the Place, which is a little too far for a Man to go, except he lov'd and esteem'd the Lady he took all the Trouble for, which, you may assure your self, I never will do again but only for you, that I adore, and will for ever prove true, whether I am so happy as to come to a Meeting, or not.

I assure you, Madam, if you had appear'd to me, as you are pleas'd to write, that I never would offer any Thing but Honour and Respect, for I scorn to take any Advantage over the Fair. I thank God, my Character is very well known, that I deal honest with every body.

I have now further to desire of you, that if our Correspondence is to last longer, you'd find an easier Way to convey my Letters to you; for this Place is too far, and too delaying, and wou'd fain have a Place where they might be left without Disappointment.

Pray,

‘ Pray, Madam, give me Leave to take Notice, that
 ‘ still in this last Letter you profess a great deal of
 ‘ Love ; I believe you, but would be better satis-
 ‘ fy’d if you’d give me other Proofs of it ; and if so,
 ‘ I protest to God, and upon my Honour, that I
 ‘ will regard your Honour more than my own ; and
 ‘ surely, if you love me, as you say you do, I ques-
 ‘ tion not but you’ll believe me, and put an End to
 ‘ my long and tedious Expectations, which to me
 ‘ is the greatest Torment in the World : I beg you
 ‘ to believe me, and appoint a Meeting where-ever
 ‘ you please, and to be speedy, if you will save the
 ‘ Man you love from everlasting Despair. I will
 ‘ crave Leave to make use of oneword of your’s, which
 ‘ is, that I would not have you take this as a *Chimera*,
 ‘ for I protest to you, that what I say to you is true.
 ‘ I must beg of you, if you will be so kind as to
 ‘ give me a Meeting, it would not be at the Mas-
 ‘ querade, because in Honour I am bound not to be
 ‘ there, and shall endeavour to convince you of the
 ‘ Reasonableness of what I say when I see you.

‘ Now I think I have been too large to desire your
 ‘ Patience, and humbly beg your Pardon, and hope
 ‘ you’ll be so kind as to let me know your last Resolu-
 ‘ tions ; for I protest, if it be against me, I will not
 ‘ stay in *London* three Months after it, but will go
 ‘ where no one shall hear of me, remaining whether
 ‘ alive or dead, your everlasting Slave and Lover. I
 ‘ pray let your Answer to this resolve me whe-
 ‘ ther I am to be happy or miserable, and not to delay
 ‘ any longer my Pleasure or Misfortunes ; for if it
 ‘ should

‘ should turn against me, I never will believe any
‘ body more, and will soon put an End to all my
‘ Pain, by leaving this World, and go to everlasting
‘ Rest.

‘ Before I conclude, I beg Leave to repeat to you
‘ once, that I have Honour, and will return you all
‘ your Letters, tho’ it will be to my eternal Ruin,
‘ the Loss of any Thing so dear to me ; for as they
‘ are in my Possession, I never rise nor go to Bed
‘ but I read them all over, and kiss them one by one ;
‘ and give me Leave to tell you, that if you insist
‘ upon having them, and won’t make me happy in
‘ a Sight of your Person, you will have a Life to an-
‘ swer for, in throwing me into eternal Despair. I
‘ vow to you, I write this with my last Strength,
‘ and am not capable of going any further.

‘ I pray you read this over and over before you
‘ answer, and let your Answer be speedy, for my
‘ Life depends on’t. Once more your eternal Slave
‘ to command, and for ever dutiful Lover,

PHILANDER.

He had so little Doubt of this having the desired Effect, that he immediately acquainted his *Confidante* with the Contents of it, and could not avoid expressing his Admiration at his own *Adroitness* and happy Turn of Wit, in so dexterously parrying the impending Blow, by forging so plausible an Excuse for not having sent the Letters, but was more particularly loud in expatiating on those beautiful Paragraphs,

graphs, in which he had given such satisfactory and unexceptionable Answers to whatever Reflections she had cast on him in any of her former Billets; and then that terrible Resolution of leaving the Kingdom in case she did not immediately relent and prove wondrous kind, was without Doubt an Incentive abundantly sufficient (without having Recourse to any other) to awe her into a Compliance, and deter her from making any more of those cruel Experiments of his Love and Obedience, which she had hitherto seem'd to take a peculiar Pleasure in doing.

It was but reasonable that he should likewise tyrannize in his Turn, and make Use (as she had done heretofore) of those amorous Links and Cords to bind her to her good Behaviour : And who can wonder, (after reading such repeated Declarations with which she had larded her Letters, of an inviolable and unalterable Passion for him) that he should think he had sufficient Hold of her Heart to enable him to do it ?

He had so far shook off those Trammels of Love, which had hitherto render'd him most obsequious and cringing, as to recover Sense and Resolution enough to employ some body to watch near the Tree at whose Root he had buried his last, with Orders to follow the Person (whoever it was) that should take it away. It was lucky that *Urganda* was his *Confidante*, as well as Tormentor, for that not only afforded her many Opportunities of increasing his Perplexity, but enabled her to frustrate any Scheme he might form which might prove destructive to her
Diversión,

Diverſion, as this laſt would have been if put in Practice, which certainly had been, if *Urganda* had not exerted the beſt of her Art to diſſwade him from it : It was therefore high Time to uſe ſome Means to reduce him to his former ſnivelling contrite Condition, it might elſe be reaſonably expected he would no longer remain an Object proper for this Scene of Amuſement, eſpecially as he already began to groan under his Burthen, and was hardy enough to murmur at the Pains he was oblig'd to take in conveying his Letters to her, and had dar'd to preſcribe ſome other Method of Conveyance.

The Aire likewiſe of Triumph he had aſſum'd, and the poſitive Aſſurance he had entertain'd that ſhe would condeſcend to any Terms rather than his leaving the Kingdom ſhould deprive her of all Hopes of an happy Conſummation of her Amour, made it neceſſary for *Phillis* to reſume herſelf, and be very peremptory in enforcing that Proof of his Obedience which ſhe had ſo often exacted ; beſides, there was (as before hinted) very good Reaſons to induce *Urganda* to wiſh for a Review of her Letters ; ſhe therefore very ſpeedily after the Receipt of his laſt, wrote to him in the following Terms. Whether ſhe obſerv'd his Directions in reading his tedious Letter over and over again before ſhe answer'd it, and whether that would have been conſiſtent with his Requeſt of returning a ſpeedy Answer, let the Reader determine.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

I Am to the last Degree surpriz'd at your daring
 again to write to me without sending my
 Letters, when I so earnestly desir'd it : Had your
 Fear of their Miscarriage been the real Obstacle,
 you'd have made that your Excuse in Answer to
 the first Letter I wrote to demand 'em ; and then,
 as a poor Pretence to smother your Want of Honour
 and Generosity, to remind me of a Servant I
 once mentioned : Indeed, Sir, if that Person had
 not been unfortunately hurt by a Fall from his Horse,
 that he can't stir abroad, I had sent him to you long
 before. I little imagin'd, when I first mention'd
 him, I should have Occasion to send him on such
 an Errand, but to a quite different Purpose, such
 as I thought you might have deserv'd ; but since
 I am so fatally convinc'd of your Want of Merit, I
 must with inexpressible Sorrow submit to my hard
 Fate, and for ever blame my self for fixing my Affections
 on one so entirely lost to all that is generous,
 just and good, and will, if possible, resolve to forget
 you ; a Task, I fear, much more than I shall
 easily conquer ; the better to effect it, I must and
 will leave the Kingdom ; but before I go, I shall
 have an Opportunity of taking my Letters at the
 Tree, if you place 'em there speedily. You may
 perhaps

* perhaps think your Excuse for not having sent
 * 'em, both honourable and just ; but depend upon't,
 * I shall never think him a Man of Honour, who so
 * much as hesitates at performing a Request so rea-
 * sonable, and to do it in the Manner I direct : No-
 * thing less than a punctual and speedy Obedience will
 * set you right in my Esteem ; tho' the Thoughts
 * of your not being mine, and only mine, are enough
 * to strike me into my original Nothing.

* Your mentioning going abroad, shews you not
 * to have a just Notion of the Obligations the unre-
 * serv'd Tender of my Affections ought to have laid
 * you under ; you could not else bear the Apprehen-
 * sions of enduring a perpetual Absence. I, to my
 * inexpressible Uneasiness, can't ; tho' how can I
 * prevent it ? The Maxims of common Prudence
 * forbid me to trust that Person who refuses, in so
 * dishonourable a Manner, to comply with my first
 * Request. 'Tis not my Fear of being discover'd
 * by my Hand-Writing, that induces me to insist
 * thus on a Return of my Letters ; No, Sir, I con-
 * verse with so very few, and those so far removed
 * from a Possibility of being known to you, that I
 * have no Apprehensions of that Sort ; but as a Point,
 * in which since my Demand of 'em, my Honour is
 * interested, I can't recede from it ; and did I really
 * believe your Non-compliance proceeded from the
 * Fear of their Miscarriage, I should curse my self
 * for raising this *Chimera* to distract and torment me,
 * and retard our Meeting. Thus, if you are sin-
 * cerely desirous of a personal Conference, you may

G

* now

‘ now command it ; if not, better leave you now
 ‘ than when my Passion is, (if it can possibly be)
 ‘ more firmly rivetted.

‘ If you persist in your Resolution of going A-
 ‘ broad, you in that Instant divest me of all Hopes
 ‘ of being happy ; but where-e’er you go, my best
 ‘ Wishes attend you. *Adieu.*

P H I L L I S.

When he consulted his *Confidante* on the Contents of this last, ’twould have been pleasant to hear her dissuading him from parting with his Letters, and artfully pumping for some shallow Reason for not doing it, when that was, at the same Time, what she so earnestly desired to have done : And on the other Hand, it would be very diverting to hear him muster up all the Arguments he could invent to warrant his Obedience in that Point, for in Fact he did not dare to venture making any further Tryal of his *Phillis’s* good Nature : He found her of a Temper not to be terrify’d by Threats, and must therefore attempt to pacify her by Submission. As fond as he was of retaining the Letters, he could not think ’em valuable enough to risque the Loss of those more valuable Presents she had made him hope for ; he therefore, *malgre* all the Arguments his *Confidante* could use to dissuade him from it, procur’d a large black Box, in which as in a Coffin, he inclosed those Signals of his expiring Love, and to render the Farce more solemn, affixed

Seven

Seven Seals to it ; and, loaded with this fable Memorial of his Misfortunes, travell'd to that awful silent Shade, where heretofore his Heart had caper'd, when he there had found some Paper blotted by the fair Hand of his *Unknown* ; or when in former happier Days, he there had lodg'd those pathetick Testimonies of his Love and Gratitude. But now, with down-cast, contrite Countenance, and slow melancholly Pace, he approaches, and most devoutly turns up those Clods, which till now had been the sacred Repository of all that could be dictated by the softest Love, and to them commits the dear Remains of his expiring Joy, a severe Proof of an unreserv'd Obedience ! earnestly invoking the Powers propitious to obsequious Lovers, to guard that inestimable Packet from the unhallow'd Touch of *Ant* or *Hog-Louse*, to drive far from thence the filthy *Mole*, who, blind as the God that dragg'd *Philander* thither, might prophanely disturb those *Manes* of his Love, and sacrilegiously expose them to the Air, and humane Eyes.

As soon as he return'd and acquainted his *Confidante* that he had thus punctually obey'd the Commands of his charming Tyrant, she jocundly rode thither, and soon rak'd up the Seven-Seal'd Box, in which she found he had been exactly punctual in not embezzling one of her Billets, among which she found this mournful and complaining Issue of his Brain, which her cruel Command had extorted from him.

LETTER XXV.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

My Dear Commander,

' I T was not Want of Honour, but Fear of
 ' Miscarriage that I did not obey your Com-
 ' mand at first ; nor was it any Design in me. That
 ' you may not harbour an ill Opinion of my Honour,
 ' I here inclos'd fend you all your Letters I once was
 ' so happy to be Master of, but now to my great Af-
 ' fliction, must part with. I always carried them
 ' next my Heart, and am now quite miserable for the
 ' Loss of them. I must only tell you, that I now
 ' remain praying God they may come safe to your
 ' Hands ; and I must observe to you, that I tore off
 ' the Superscriptions, that in case they should mis-
 ' carry, (which God forbid) my Name should not
 ' be seen on them ; which Caution, I hope, will
 ' meet with your Approbation, since I never can
 ' desire any Thing else than to be pleasing to you,
 ' and punctual to your Commands. ----- As to my
 ' going out of *England*, it never was design'd by
 ' me, but in case I should be so unfortunate as not
 ' to see you ; but as you still give me Hopes of your
 ' Favour, which is the only Thing I wish for, you
 ' need not terrify your self with any such Apprehen-
 ' sions, for I promise you I will stay in *London* till I
 ' find my Case desperate, and for ever must lose you,
 ' and then I will not only go out of *England*, but out
 ' of the World ; for the whole Universe without you

' can
 ' can

‘ can be of no Use to me, but rather a Plague. And
‘ as to your Fears of my being only your’s, depend,
‘ that as soon as you make me yours, I will continue
‘ to be so, and despise all Womankind for your Sake ;
‘ for since your first Writing to me, I have left off
‘ all Manner of Conversation with your Sex. Your
‘ speedy Answer to this will for ever be the Happi-
‘ ness of your most humble, and most ardent Lover
‘ and Slave till Death, and the most distracted and
‘ the most unfortunate of all Men.

PHILANDER.

P. S. ‘ Pray, Madam, observe, that since I re-
‘ ceived your first Letter, I have not held any Con-
‘ versation with any Lady, and so will remain till
‘ your Resolution be known to me, which I hope
‘ will be in my Favour.

His profound Submission and Obedience now might justly claim some grateful Return, especially when his eager Expectation had made him so generously impose on himself a total Abstinence from practical Gallantry ; and that was no romantick or fictitious Compliment, for in Fact, he was so wrapt up in the ravishing and extatick Views of his approaching Joy, that all Amusements of that Sort were not only become insipid, but by him deem’d Sacrilege, after he had so solemnly devoted himself to his unknown Goddess. In vain did the Hand-maids of *Ve-*

nus invite his Acceptance of their venal Favours ; they (alas !) could meet with no Returns to all their amorous Blandishments, but Taunts and Frowns, fatal and unerring Symptoms of chilling cold Indifference. He now began to be a Stranger to that exulting Heat and juvenile Temerity which had heretofore inspir'd him with active and insulting Courage, and hurried him on to the Demolition of the lucid Inlets to the Workhouses of Darknefs ; flagrant and unexceptionable Proofs of his Love, thus to sacrifice his darling Amusements ; a meritorious Abstinence, and ought not to want Reward.

But *Urganda* deaf and regardless of his Merit, still inventing new Plagues and Torments, had almost resolv'd to deny the Receipt of his Packet ; but wisely foreseeing that he must then necessarily discontinue all future Correspondence, alter'd her Measures, and spar'd him that Addition to the uneasy and uncertain Situation he was in ; but not without resolving to pay it him with sevenfold Interest in the Sequel of her Management. At present to sooth his Vanity, and to extort from him as conspicuous Proofs of his Folly as was possible, she sent him this soft, coming and engaging Letter.



LETTER XXVI.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **I** Have received Nineteen of my Letters, and
 ‘ tho’ I am positive I wrote more, yet your
 ‘ Honour and Generosity in returning these, convin-
 ‘ ces me the others miscarried. This is such an In-
 ‘ stance of it, as will counter-balance all former Mi-
 ‘ stakes. Your tearing off the Superscriptions I en-
 ‘ tirely approve of, and gives me an Opinion of your
 ‘ Understanding equal to that of your Honour.
 ‘ Nothing now remains to give me Uneasiness, but
 ‘ being disappointed of a Letter at the Tree in
 ‘ Answer to one I sent you, which contain’d an Of-
 ‘ fer of an Equipage, and other Presents, and to
 ‘ which you never returned any Answer; I am sure
 ‘ you had the Letter, because I find it among those
 ‘ returned.

‘ You mistake, if you think what I there made
 ‘ you a Tender of, to be the utmost I design for
 ‘ you. No, Sir, I am determin’d to confer on
 ‘ you Obligations of a much higher Nature. I
 ‘ shall from henceforth deem you my own, and
 ‘ forthwith apply my self to a Performance of my
 ‘ Promises. You shall soon be the Wonder of the
 ‘ whole Town, and be by all Mankind pronounc’d
 ‘ the Darling of Fortune; but let me conjure you
 ‘ to be careful in the Choice of a *Confidante*, for a
 ‘ Third Person will be necessary. I have bespoke

‘ the Equipage, and have Thoughts of purchasing
 ‘ an Annuity for you, but am in Doubt whether I
 ‘ had not best send you the Money, tho’ how to do
 ‘ it with Safety and Secrecy puzzles me extreamly.
 ‘ You must contrive a Method, for I am resolv’d not
 ‘ to be seen, till I have convinc’d you by the most
 ‘ unerring Proofs of the Sincerity of my Passion and
 ‘ Pretences. In the mean Time, let me have a Let-
 ‘ ter at the Tree, and depend on’t, I shall be indefa-
 ‘ tigable in the Accomplishment of what I resolve,
 ‘ in order to obviate with all possible Celerity all that
 ‘ obstructs our Meeting. Now I am re-established
 ‘ again in my first Notions of you, ’tis with infinite
 ‘ Pleasure I subscribe my self faithfully and eternally
 ‘ your’s,

PHILLIS.

And it had the desired Effect ; for, who could
 silently contain the Joy that must necessarily result
 from such a Profusion of Wealth and Love ? What
 Head but would be turn’d at being so unexpectedly
 exalted from the Condition of an humble Trader,
 into a gilded Chariot, and the Arms of a rich and beau-
 tiful Lady ? He, for his Part, was not capable of
 concealing these his sanguine Expectations from the
 least Part of his Acquaintance, but published to the
 whole World his approaching Grandeur, without
 concealing the Means by which he was to attain it.
 Recent in the Memory of all his Acquaintance is his
 Purchase of a gay Suit, with lac’d Linnen, made by
 the

the Hand of his *Confidante*, in which to make his first Appearance, in Order to establish in the Mind of his fair Charmer the advantageous Ideas she had entertain'd of his lovely Superficies.

How to effect such an Interview was what perpetually engag'd his Invention, which at last furnish'd him with a Scheme for that Purpose, which shall be communicated to the Reader instantly in his own Words ; but still his Passion was not so vehement as to make him forget that it was by no Means an impertinent or vain Care to find out a Method for the Conveyance of the Money his *Unknown* had thus given him a Letter of Credit for. How wonderfully comick must it have been to hear him gravely consulting his *Confidante*, or any other who knew the Foundation of his Enquiry, how a large Sum could be safely convey'd from an unknown Hand. He was indefatigable in finding out Methods for that Purpose.

What's bred in the Bone, will (says the Proverb) *never out o' th' Flesh* ; and *Cupid*, powerful as he is acknowledged to be, would scarce have been able, tho' he should employ his whole Quiver for that Purpose, to have diverted *Philander* from an eager and unwearied Pursuit of Money, the native Drift of his Inclinations.

After he had maturely consider'd, and set himself right in that Particular, as well as the other, he had Recourse to that inexhaustible Fund of Elegance, which the Reader must observe to be so plentifully diffus'd throughout all his Epistolary Performances, and which furnished him with the following,

L E T -

LETTER XXVII.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

Dear Madam,

‘ I Received your agreeable Letter this Day, and
 ‘ give you Thanks for returning my Honour
 ‘ to me. I can assure you I never did forfeit it, and
 ‘ it shall always be kept to my last Hour.

‘ Now, Madam, give me Leave to tell you, that
 ‘ from the first Hour that I sent you your Letters,
 ‘ till the Receipt of your’s to Day, I have been quite
 ‘ distracted, but Thanks to God and your good self,
 ‘ I am somewhat better, finding that I shall continue
 ‘ in your Favour; I assure you, it shall ever be my
 ‘ Ambition to deserve it; you may depend, I will
 ‘ call my self as you say, only your’s, and Nothing
 ‘ but Death shall remove me from that Thought.

‘ I observe the great Offers you are pleased to make
 ‘ me, they are Favours I don’t know how to answer
 ‘ to, but since they are strictly your Command, I
 ‘ must submit, and so will put you in a Way how to
 ‘ send the Money, which is thus, a little at a Time,
 ‘ in Bank Notes, directed as heretofore, and it will
 ‘ come safe to my Hands. But, dear Madam, be-
 ‘ lieve me, I shall never be easy but in a Meeting; for
 ‘ if you defer it much longer, it may cost me my
 ‘ Life. I hope the Love you bear to me will engage
 ‘ you to find a speedy Cure, which must be a Meet-
 ‘ ing.

ing, and Nothing else. ---- Now, give me Leave
 to tell you, I have found a very good Way for our
 Meeting, that as I am a very great Dealer in Jewels,
 any Lady may send for me on Pretence of buying
 or selling Diamonds. That Method you may take,
 and be no way suspected; then we might confer
 about all our Affairs, which I hope will be soon.
 I conclude, calling my self the happiest Man alive,
 being lov'd by a Lady to whom I shall always be
 a most humble, and most obedient Slave and Lover,

PHILANDER.

P. S. I beg you'd find an easier Place for the
 leaving of Letters, because I always go my self,
 and that in the Night, for Caution Sake; for I
 will not trust any Body with a Secret of this Mo-
 ment; but your Commands shall always be obeyed
 by your most humble Servant.

His grateful Condescension to accept the proffer'd
 Bounty, made it necessary for *Urganda* to assume
 another Shape, different from that in which she ap-
 pear'd by her last Letter; in Order to which, his
 Postscript afforded ample Occasion for some decent
 Repentment: To hear the sluggish As thus groan
 under his Burthen, surely might justify her
 in goading him forward, and that could not be more
 effectually done, than by keeping a-Foot his Expec-
 tations of a Deluge of Money.

The

The kind, cunning, angry, raving, and complaining *Phillis*, has, in all these Characters, in the most lively Manner represented the intricate *Meanders*, the uncertain Fluctuations of Humour inseparable from the capricious, loving, or beloved Fair ; and Mankind will doubtless gratefully acknowledge their Obligations to the good-natur'd *Urganda*, for thus pointing out the Shallows, Whirlpools, Rocks, and Quicksands, that threaten every Adventurer in what-ever Course he steers to the Haven of Love : These Beacons of her's will be perpetual Recorders of her Goodness ; who, out of an abundant Compassion to the hitherto-deluded *Dupes* of the Creation, could so generously expose her Sex's artful Wiles, and profound Dissimulation, by giving such flagrant Proofs of their Capacity in those Arts, and thus shewing, that they can, without Love, be kind, without Anger, be cruel. The rebuked, discarded Lover shall henceforwards, in these Sheets, find a cordial Balm to ease an aching Heart, and bless the kind *Urganda*. When-e'er the restive Fair assumes her haughty and capricious Aires, no more regarded shall she be than *Phillis* when discover'd to be fictitious ; and the heroick Lover shall as soon, like *Don Quixotte*, fight a Windmill ; or with *Philander*, take a Nocturnal Ramble to *Uxbridge*, as servilely cringe and fawn to regain their Favour.

But not to divert the Reader any longer from prosecuting the Detail of *Philander's* Revolutions, we must return to the humble, submissive, and obedient Wretch, who is thus a Sacrifice to the Instruction of his Sex, and meets with Usage not unlike that of
Dogs,

Dogs, or other innocent and inoffensive Animals, whom the *College* barbarously open, mangle and dissect, not to punish those contemptible Creatures, but for many well known and salubrious Purposes. Just so is poor *Philander* open'd and expos'd, only by Way of Mirror, where the rest of Mankind may see, and by that Means avoid the hateful, despicable State of cringing, whining, and deluded Lovers.

His full-blown Hopes left him no Room to doubt an immediate Possession of his ador'd *Phillis*, as well as an immense Accumulation of Wealth. His *adroit* and well-form'd Scheme of appearing to her in the Shape of a *Jeweller*, was unexceptionably feasible, and besides the Joy it must afford her in having so fair a Prospect of being soon happy in an Interview, could not but give her a very advantageous *Idea* of his Wit and Parts. In these, and such like pleasing Reflections, was *Philander* wrapt, when his Servant brought him the following.

LETTER XXVIII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Have received your dear Letter, and I hope
 ‘ I have not made you any Compliments that
 ‘ transcends your Merit, but will depend on your
 ‘ Honour’s being equal to your Professions, and my
 Wishes;

‘ Wishes ; tho’ I must tell you, I have some Cause
‘ to complain, but will flatter my self ’twas without
‘ any ill Intentions, and will not call your Honesty
‘ in Question, tho’ I must your Manners. You
‘ ought to have returned my Letter, by putting it
‘ in the Box with your own ; not that I imagine you
‘ had any ill Design in not doing it, but it would
‘ infinitely add to my present Prospect of Happiness,
‘ to find the Man I adore perfectly well bred, and
‘ expert in every *Puncto* of good Manners. ---- And
‘ then your Postscript has given me almost as much
‘ Torment as all your fine Expressions did Pleasure ;
‘ that you should grudge the Pains of conveying a
‘ Letter, who are to be so amply rewarded ; that
‘ you should think no better Return due to my so
‘ generously sacrificing my Person and Fortune,
‘ gives me unspeakable Uneasiness : I remember you
‘ once hinted so much before, which I then over-
‘ look’d, because I had not at that Time given you
‘ such large Assurances of my unalterable Love, and
‘ Resolution of being only yours ; know, that what
‘ I am preparing for you, merits a Tribute of more
‘ Years than you have spent Minutes in carrying Let-
‘ ters to the Tree. I shall better consider the Expedi-
‘ ent of sending for you as a *Jeweller*, when I am a lit-
‘ tle more compos’d, for the Thoughts of my being
‘ troublesome to you, has almost distracted me ; there-
‘ fore, if you have any Love, Honour, or Grati-
‘ tude, set me right in that Particular, and sooth my
‘ tortur’d Soul with Professions (at least) of a grate-
‘ ful and sincere Return to my Passion. I have been
in

‘ in a perpetual Hurry in making Preparations for our
 ‘ intended Happinefs, and for that Purpose have fur-
 ‘ nish’d a House in St. *James’s*, which I have hired
 ‘ for a convenient *Rendezvous*. Pray let me have a
 ‘ Letter soon, for I shall else die with the Apprehen-
 ‘ sions of my being providing for a Pleasure I shall
 ‘ never enjoy. I am, my dear dear Charmer, eternally
 ‘ and unalterably your faithful and constant Adorer,

PHILLIS.

Damn’d, over-hasty, and ill-tim’d Postscript !
 What cursed Star could suggest such an unseasonable
 Complaint ? At such a *Crisis* to let slip such an un-
 guarded Expression, was an Error not to be for-
 given; when *Phillis*, now no longer diffident or cruel,
 had made such Progress in her Preparation for the
 Consummation of her Joy ; when the Situation of
 Affairs would render unnecessary any future Jour-
 neys to the Tree ; at such a Time to have broached
 any Thing which shew’d the least Unaptnefs in the
 Execution of her Commands, was what afforded him
 most bitter and poignant Reflections.

Far, far beyond that fatal Place, would he now
 most willingly have gone to have his Letter again
 in his Possession, or to raze out of her Memory that
 harsh and hateful Part of it.

True it is, *Urganda* was under a Necessity of pick-
 ing some little Quarrel, in Order to give some Colour
 to her not sending the Money, pursuant to his Di-
 rections,

rections, but (without that Postscript) had been at a Loss so genteely and naturally to express a feign'd Resentment. His Omission of sending back her Letter with his own, was easily retriev'd; he did not at all hesitate in obeying her Command in that Particular; he was too well acquainted with the Danger of shewing the least Sign of Disobedience, and was become so thoroughly her Slave, and so unreservedly attach'd to her, that he would scarce have refused the Burial of himself along with his Letters, had she enjoyn'd it.

'Twas not long after the Receipt of his last, that he waited on his *Confidante*, to acquaint her that he was just then arrived from the Tree, where he had deposited the two last Letters he had received from his *Phillis*, enclosed in one of his own, which he boldly asserted, contained as much fine, beautiful and moving Elegance, as could be dictated by the passionate and aching Heart of a despairing, repenting, and complaining Lover. This excited her Curiosity, and made her once more resolve to visit that Common-Sewer of Folly and Buffoonry, which she did, and found her own two Letters, together with that of his which he had so loudly celebrated, and which here follows, that (added to his own) he may receive the Reader's Applause of his Performance.

L E T-

LETTER XXIX.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

Dear Madam,

‘ I Have received your most agreeable Letter ; in
‘ Answer to which I can only tell you, my
‘ Dear, that I am now in the greatest Pain that can
‘ be express’d, since I find there is so great a Delay
‘ in our Meeting, which I beg of you, for God’s
‘ Sake, to defer no longer, but make me happy, since
‘ every Moment is an Age, and will distract me.
‘ Give me leave to tell you, I don’t grudge to car-
‘ ry your Letters, for in your Pleasure consists my
‘ Happiness, and would with Pleasure go to the
‘ World’s End to serve and obey you, since I am so
‘ inspir’d with your charming Expressions, that I
‘ am all Day and Night charm’d with the Thoughts
‘ of your blessed Name : I beg you to believe me,
‘ and deliver me from this Torment.

‘ Enclos’d, I send you back your two Letters, as I
‘ did the former, since ’tis your Pleasure it should be
‘ so ; for I will for ever study, my Dear, how to
‘ meet with your Approbation, and so remain pray-
‘ ing for your Welfare, and continue your Adorer,
‘ and eternally your Servant ; and give me leave to
‘ stile my self, your’s only alive or dead, and no
‘ body’s else but your’s, and write my self your ex-
‘ pecting Slave,

PHILANDER.

H

He,

He by this Time appear'd so contemptible, so easy to be impos'd on, and so ready to swallow the plainest and most palpable Absurdities, that she who had hitherto persecuted him, now, like a true Sportswoman, began to despise a Diversion which was attended with so little Labour and Difficulty; tho', at the same Time, she ought in Justice to have consider'd, that he was a Tool of her own composing, and whatever Decline appear'd in his Intellects, was entirely owing to the Course she had led him. However, she began now to wish for some Respite, and therefore resolv'd, at the same Time she suspended the Prosecution of her Amusement, to set this Affair on such a Foot as might enable her to resume it, when an Interval of Time might restore her Appetite to Coxcomb-Hunting, and render it more novel and entertaining.

Her having all her own Letters again in her Possession, made it easy for her to have Recourse to any Circumstance that had been mention'd in 'em, and *Phillis's* great Affluence of Wealth, by a fortunate Disposal of her *Mississippi*, luckily occur'd; from thence it was not difficult to form a plausible Pretence for leaving the Kingdom; neither could it be suppos'd disagreeable to him, that she should act with all the prudent Care and Concern for the Preservation of that Wealth which was destin'd for his Use; 'twas properly an Affair of his own she was about to solicit, when she went to *France* to settle her Affairs there; and how could his Vanity suggest less than that 'twas her exuberant and unprecedented Passion for him, which only

ly could induce her to attempt such a Voyage, that she might be the better able to perform those dazzling Promises, and load him with those Heaps of Wealth she had made him hope for.

But 'tis doing Injustice to the Merit of *Urganda's* Invention thus to fore-stall the Reader, by recounting the Concatenation of Inducements she had to shift the Scene of her Correspondence. These and many more, as well as far better Reasons she had, for sending him the following Letter, by the same Method as the former.

LETTER XXX.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

I Have taken up my two Letters, with your's, and had firmly determin'd to meet you next Week, but that unlucky Fate, which has hitherto prevented my long-expected Bliss, has now thrown a Bar in my Way more fatal than all the rest: I am under an absolute Necessity of going to *Holland*, for I Yesterday received a Letter, that my Brother and Sister are coming from *Paris*, and expect to meet me there to settle our Accompts. I am under so great Obligations to him, for the prodigious Improvements he has made of my Fortune, that I can't refuse to meet him, tho' 'tis Death to me to

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think

' think of going without seeing you : But when I re-
 ' flect on the repeated Assurances you have given me of
 ' eternal Love and Constancy, I am more at Ease, and
 ' shall, with all imaginable Speed and Chearfulness
 ' go and finish my Affairs ; but be assur'd, I have
 ' left such a Spy on all your Actions, that I shall
 ' be convinc'd before my Return, whether your
 ' Professions of Constancy are real, or not ; any Con-
 ' versation you have in my Absence with any of my
 ' Sex, will be infallibly communicated to me ; but
 ' if I am confirmed, by your good Behaviour, in my
 ' good Opinion, you shall, at my Return, be the
 ' happiest Man breathing, if you can be made so by
 ' an absolute Possession of Riches and Grandeur, and
 ' the entire Affections of your faithful

PHILLIS.

This produced a Scene entirely new, and different
 from the rest ; nor was it a-whit less entertaining ; he
 rightly imagin'd, that he should not now so often
 as formerly be blest'd with those Specimens of the
 Fair one's Love, Wit, and Gallantry, the Convey-
 ance of Letters from Abroad being infinitely more
 slow and uncertain, and by that Means losing the
 Pleasure of exposing to his *Confidante*, and others,
 those amorous Billets, in which such advantageous
 Mention was made of his dear Self, apprehended he
 might meet with many Mortifications to his Vanity,
 from the ill-natur'd Suggestions of some of his Inti-
 mates,

mates, who might pretend to believe, that he had not Charms enough to maintain his new Conquest ; and that it was owing to a Decay of Inclination, that *Phillis* had made this plausible Excuse to discontinue her Correspondence.

To obviate therefore any Difficulty of this Sort, he roundly publish'd to his *Confidante*, and to all the rest whom he had admitted to any Share of his Intimacy, that his Fair one had at last surrender'd, and that the House she had provided for him was now the Scene of their amorous Rencounters ; that he there in her Arms did every Night forget all those anxious Cares and provident Inquietudes inseparable from the Man of Business ; that, as the utmost Summit of his Ambition was terminated in the Enjoyment of her, he had now no other Care or Concern, but to find out every Day new and diverting Amusements, in Order to while away the Remainder of an indolent Life, and give a Relish to that State of Tranquility and Pleasure in which he was so happily situated.

Urganda had given him and herself a Respite for three Months, in which Time, his Invention had form'd thrice three Thousand Lies, and during which Time, he would often with solemn Gravity recount such amorous Circumstances, as he imagin'd would attend an unreserv'd Intimacy with his unknown, enamour'd, trivial Incidents, and such as could not be suppos'd to enter into the Thoughts of any one who was not perpetually ruminating (as he was) on his fantastick and expected Felicity.

In this Manner did he long continue to entertain and divert the sneering Tribe of his Acquaintance, who, inform'd by *Urganda* of the Progress of his Intrigue, could not but heartily despise him for such an accomplish'd Series of Lying and Vanity.

At last, *Urganda* fortunately found an Expedient for Conveyance of a Letter by the publick Post from *Holland*, which came to his Hands, and was conceived in these Terms.

LETTER XXXI.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **W**HEN I reflect upon the many weary Jour-
 ‘ neys, the perpetual Perplexities of Mind you
 ‘ have been in, and your many Professions of eternal
 ‘ Love and Friendship, I blush at my Ingratitude in
 ‘ leaving the Kingdom without giving you entire
 ‘ Possession of my Person and Fortune: Necessity
 ‘ then oblig’d me to come here, and if I have been
 ‘ guilty of a Crime, (as my Conscience severely in-
 ‘ forms me I have) my Sufferings for it are very
 ‘ great; for since my Arrival here, I have not en-
 ‘ joy’d one Day’s Health. I have had a violent Fe-
 ‘ ver for many Days, which has left such a Weak-
 ‘ ness as has hitherto render’d me incapable of wri-
 ‘ ting, and I am now barely able to hold my Pen,
 ‘ to assure you, that I still possess the same fond lo-
 ‘ ving

‘ ving Soul. In the Midst of my Illness I had that
 ‘ Regard for you, that I intrusted a Present of the
 ‘ richest of my Jewels with a young Lady, my Rela-
 ‘ tion, who, I am assur’d, in case I had died, had Ho-
 ‘ nourenough to have deliver’d to you. My Bro-
 ‘ ther met me here, and I have remitted upwards of
 ‘ Forty Thousand Pounds to *England*, which I hope
 ‘ is in safe Hands: I should have took it kind, when
 ‘ I first mentioned going to *Holland*, if you had given
 ‘ me Directions for remitting it to your self; but as
 ‘ you did not, I was afraid of being troublesome.
 ‘ My Sister had met me here, but proving with
 ‘ Child, my Brother would not venture to bring
 ‘ her. You can’t imagine how I am teaz’d by him
 ‘ to go to *Paris*, but you may easily guess my Incl-
 ‘ nation. I have now Nothing else at Heart, but to
 ‘ excuse my self to him as well as I can, and fly to
 ‘ the Arms of the Man I adore. I forbear making
 ‘ any further Professions, but a little Time will
 ‘ convince you, that I am Generous, Just, and
 ‘ Good, and in every Respect worthy of the char-
 ‘ ming *Philander*,

PHILLIS.

He was thoroughly sensible, that the exposing this
 would falsify the Romantick Stories his vain Imagi-
 nation had equipt him with, and with which he
 had so long diverted his Acquaintance; the greatest
 Favour now that his *Confidante*, or any other had to
 boast of, was the Sight of *Phillis*’s Name at the Bot-

tom ; since he was admitted to so intimate a Familiarity, as he pretended, 'twas easy to insinuate, that Letters from a Mistress in that Situation might treat of Subjects improper to be communicated. His Imagination was perpetually upon the Rack for the Invention of what he thought fine and fond Expressions, with which he would confidently affirm his Billets abounded, and a Quire of Paper would scarce have contain'd the Quotations he made from this last Letter; nor was he at all less cautious of affirming, in the most solemn Manner, Facts, as monstrous, as false ; for no Circumstance occur'd to him in Conversation or Reading, that had any Relation to Love or Gallantry, which he would not immediately assume, and as confidently recount as a real Incident in the Prosecution of his Amour, insomuch that by Persons unacquainted with his notorious Propensity to Lying and Vanity, he had been pronounced the darling *Endymion* of the Fair, the most compleat *Adonis* of his Sex ; tho' the small Probability his Outside afforded of his being so superlatively admir'd, did not a little contribute to raise a Distrust of what he was without Cease affirming.

'Twould nauseate the Reader to relate half the Circumstances which his Imagination dictated as Attendants on the happy Possession of his *Phillis* ; let it suffice to be informed, that he took more Pains to be ridiculous, than his *Confidante* did to make him so.

In this Manner did he entertain his Acquaintance, and expose himself, till he had exhausted his whole Fund of Invention, and had not left himself one Lye he had not told before, so was under a Necessity of repeating or being silent ; it was therefore judg'd seasonable now to amuse him with something new and surprising ; and to effect this, *Urganda*, who spar'd no Pains for the Decoration of her Farce, found a Means of conveying to him a Letter, dated from *Paris*, and in such a Manner as could admit of no Distrust of the Reality of its coming from thence.

How divided was his Heart between Love and Fear, when he received a Letter wrote by that Hand from *Paris* ! His conscious Guilt at first made him surmise, that his Boasts of Favours unreceived had reach'd her Ears, and then what was to be expected, something dreadful must ensue. But before his Fright had proceeded so far as to be attended with any stinking Consequences, to his inexpressible Comfort, his Eyes were bless'd with the following sweet, tender, and engaging Lines.

LETTER XXXII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **I** F you give any Credit to a Person intirely
 ‘ captivated by your Character and personal
 ‘ Charms, I need not say much to convince you,
 ‘ with

‘ with what Reluctance I set out for this Place ; but
‘ as there is a great deal in Gratitude due to my
‘ Brother, besides the Ties of Friendship and Affi-
‘ nity, I could not make so publick a Declaration
‘ of a fix’d Affection elsewhere, as peremptorily to
‘ refuse, after so many repeated Importunities from
‘ him, and continual Entreaties by Letter from my
‘ Sister. My Sister is very ill, a melancholly Com-
‘ panion for one like me, overwhelm’d with Love
‘ and Grief. Could you but feel my present Unea-
‘ siness of Mind, I should become as much the Ob-
‘ ject of your Pity, as you have made me believe I
‘ have been of your Love and Adoration ; for, with
‘ Shame I own, I have no real Pleasure but in reading
‘ those few charming Letters I have of your’s, which
‘ are my constant Companions, and I omit no Op-
‘ portunity of being alone to peruse them. With
‘ what Transports, with what Eagerness I repeat the
‘ Pleasure ! and hug my self even to Rapture at each
‘ Syllable that is kind. Oh ! that I were sure of
‘ kindling the same Warmth in the Breast of my
‘ *Philander*, I should then be happy indeed. But
‘ why should I distrust what he has so frequently af-
‘ firmed, and taken so much Pains to convince me
‘ of ? I heartily repent my giving you the Trou-
‘ ble of carrying every Letter so many Miles, since
‘ I was so wretchedly unfortunate as to come away
‘ without giving you Possession of my Person and
‘ Fortune : But a little Time will convince you,
‘ how willing I am to recompence all your Fatigue.
‘ There is Nothing here in *Paris* that can contribute

to

‘ to the Comfort or Delicacy of Life, but I will purchase for you at any Pains or Expence ; yet, notwithstanding all my Care and Application, I may omit something. I should take it inexpressibly kind, if you’d send me a Catalogue of those Things which are most peculiarly adapted to your Taste ; don’t refuse to demand something of me, though ever so trifling ; that will assure me of the Reality of your Professions, and transport me beyond my present Imaginations of approaching Bliss : For I swear by all my unhappy Hours past, and all our Joys to come, you are what I adore more than Life or Fortune : This you’ll soon be convinced of, for I am contriving something for you which will make you the World’s Wonder, and all Mankind unanimously proclaim you the Darling of Fortune, and the Favourite of your languishing

P H I L L I S.

P. S. ‘ Inclose a Letter for *Phillis*, directed for *Josiah Clifling*, at *Gregoirs* Coffee-house, *Paris*, and it will come safe to my Hands.

To omit the least Circumstance attendant on this Wild-Goose-Chace, especially in which are any Indications of the matchless Contrivance of the Female Directress of it, would be inconsistent with the nice Veracity and exact Regard to Truth, so often promised : Therefore the quaint Method she pitch’d on to convey a Letter in so artful a Manner, as to be taken
for

for one actually wrote from *Paris*, must not be pass'd over in Silence. 'Twas inclos'd in a Letter feign'd to be writ by a Servant, (and by the Stile and Spelling appear'd to be so) who was sent by *Phillis* to *England* for Recovery of Health, and intrusted with that Letter, and who was detained by Sickness on the Road, and by that Means unable to deliver it with her own Hand, as she was directed, but sent it to him a long while after the feign'd Date of it, which perplex'd him wonderfully; for some few Days before he received that Letter, another was contriv'd to reach him from *Holland*. How well this last Part of the Farce was concerted, will appear by perusing this which came from *Holland*, and was deliver'd before he received that from *Paris*.

LETTER XXXIII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ I Must own, it’s surprizing and shocking, that
 ‘ that you did not answer my Letter from
 ‘ *Paris*, wherein I gave you particular Directions
 ‘ to a Friend, whom I am sure would have taken
 ‘ Care of it. If I have, by leaving the Kingdom,
 ‘ lost your Affections, I shall soon give you an Op-
 ‘ portunity to tell me so. I wish I could account for
 ‘ not having heard from you, by concluding my Let-
 ‘ ter

' ter miscarried : But alas ! I sent it by a Servant, who,
 ' I am well assur'd, is under too many Obligations to
 ' me, and has too much Fidelity not to be exactly
 ' punctual in her Obedience to my Commands.
 ' But after such a Series of unlucky Accidents, why
 ' may I not imagine that the Fates have thrown in
 ' one more to compleat my Misery ? The Scene of
 ' Affliction and Vexation I have met with, would
 ' draw Tears of Pity and Commiseration from the
 ' hardest Heart. I think I mention'd something of
 ' my Sister's Illness, and being with Child, and the
 ' Confidence I had repos'd in my Brother-in-Law :
 ' I had not been a Month in *Paris* with her before
 ' she miscarried and died. This Misfortune was
 ' Grief sufficient to perplex me, with the Addition
 ' of my Brother's base Usage, who has invested in
 ' *Dutch East-India* Stock in his own Name, the
 ' Money he rais'd by Sale of my *Mississippi*, and
 ' been Villain enough to put me to prove my Right.
 ' The Pains and Trouble I have been at to effect
 ' that, has, through meer Vexation, very much
 ' impair'd my Health ; but I have at last got the
 ' better of him, and recover'd my own Time enough
 ' to purchase *South-Sea* at Two Hundred and Fifty.
 ' How often have I lamented the false Step I made,
 ' in not meeting you before I left *England* ? A Re-
 ' commendation from you to your House in *Holland*,
 ' would have sav'd me a vast deal of Trouble. This
 ' convinces me, that the Afflictions which are in-
 ' flicted on us meerly by the Dispensations of Pro-
 ' vidence, are not half so vexatious as those which
 ' happen

‘ happen from the Villanies of Mankind, and our
 ‘ own Inadvertency. What led me into this fatal
 ‘ Mistake, was my being superlatively solicitous to
 ‘ convince you of the Sincerity of my Affections ;
 ‘ this hurried me on to furnish a House, and bespeak-
 ‘ ing an Equipage, and doing several other ridiculous
 ‘ Things, which I now repent of, and wish I had
 ‘ at first thrown my self into your Arms, and tru-
 ‘ sted to your Honour, that would have saved me
 ‘ much Trouble and Vexation. I wait here now on-
 ‘ ly to exchange Releases with my Brother ; when
 ‘ that is done, if my Health permits me, I immedi-
 ‘ ately set Sail for that happy Place where my Char-
 ‘ mer lives. Tho’ I was not bless’d with a Letter,
 ‘ I will still flatter my self he is sincere and good, and
 ‘ Nothing shall be wanting on my Part to oblige
 ‘ him, if the greatest Curiosities the Kingdom of
 ‘ *France* can afford will do it, I shall bring them with
 ‘ me, as well as the entire Affections of his faithful

PHILLIS.

Horribly irksome was the Restraint he was under
 not to boast of the mountainous Expectations which
 these two last Letters had given him ; he was perpetu-
 ally cursing the false Step he had taken, in affirming
 (as he had so often and solemnly done) his Possession
 of the lovely *Phillis* ; that had lain him under an Ob-
 ligation to be silent, and even to burst himself with
 containing the Contents of the last. A mean and
 shallow Soul that can’t relish any Joy without divul-
 ging

ging it ; an impertinent Itch of Tatling and Bragging, which can't fail to render despicably ridiculous the Fool affected with it. The discreet and meritorious Lover justly recommends himself to the Fair, (whenever they condescend to oblige him by kind Compliances) by a profound Silence, and an artful affected Indifference, a perpetual Caution of making all Mankind blind to his Happiness ; far from his Thoughts is such a mean and ungenerous Ambition as *Philander's*, who, unworthy of the least of Favours, and incapable of any Excuse, could so basely sacrifice the suppos'd Reputation of his Mistress to the Gratification of his absurd Vanity.

In this Situation were his Affairs, he repeating his Declarations that his Intrigue was at last happily consummated, and at the same time broiling with the Impatience of concealing his Expectations of approaching Joys and Wealth, when *Urganda*, urg'd by the Importunities of some, who were not so tir'd with this Farce as she was, prepar'd to bring the Scene once more nearer home, and form'd Schemes for exposing her besotted *Dupe* in a more emphatick Manner (if possible) than she had hitherto done.

How well she succeeded, the Sequel will best discover ; but to effect her Purpose, she resolv'd not to deprive him of the pleasing and extatick Hopes he had entertain'd, but to encourage and improve the lovely Delusion.

Phillis must now be suppos'd no longer able to subsist in Banishment from that Land where her ador'd

Philander

Philander resides, and impatient to give him those Marks of her Esteem and Passion which she had so often promised, and which, by cross unexpected Accidents had been so often postpon'd, hath cross'd the Main, and immediately after her Arrival, unable to defer taking all necessary Steps for effecting the long determin'd Interview, in the Hurry and Impatience of her Passion writes the following Billet.

LETTER XXXIV.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

AFTER the many Struggles and Difficul-
 ties I have encounter'd, I am, at last, safe
 arrived in *England*, and have now Nothing to give
 me any Pain, but the Thought of not being bless'd
 in so long a Time with one Line from my dear
Philander. I own I never gave you an Opportu-
 nity but once to *Paris* : Your not writing then has
 given me inexpressible Uneasiness ; sometimes I
 imagine you are weary of the many cross Accidents
 that have happen'd to obstruct our Meeting, or that
 you look upon the whole Affair to be a meer Delu-
 sion ; and at other Times imagine, you are more
 agreeably engag'd. That Thought, Oh, that it
 never could enter into my fond Heart ! it is enough,
 indeed, it is enough to strike me into my original
 Nothing ; but as I have always depended on your
 Sin-

‘ Sincerity. I expect you will now be truly sincere,
‘ and let me know if you still really are (what you
‘ have so often profess’d) intirely mine, and ready
‘ to accept my Love, and the other Trifles I have
‘ provided for you. I am almost distracted at the
‘ bare Apprehensions of your forgetting me. Pray
‘ let me have a Letter at the Tree ; let me know if
‘ you’ll meet me, and depend on’t, Nothing but
‘ Death shall prevent my giving you an immediate
‘ Meeting ; where I shall come bare-fac’d, with
‘ open Arms to receive you, and give you such Rea-
‘ sons for having so long deferr’d that Happiness, as
‘ shall convince you, that I am every Thing you can
‘ expect or wish for, as well as,

Your constant Adorer,

PHILLIS.

P. S. ‘ Pray let me have a Letter, though it
‘ be to tell me, my long Absence has Lost you for
‘ ever : But don’t be too rash in your Censures, I
‘ will at first Sight remove ’em all.

Much to the Surprize and Disappointment of
Urganda, no Answer was to be found at the Tree ;
’twas therefore natural to imagine, that he had not quite
Folly enough to be led thro’ such a Series of roman-
tick *Chimera*’s, and monstrous Improbabilities, with-
out discovering at last, all to be Sham and Grimace ;
and that the Jest was run quite out of Breath ; and

I

had

had it really been so, it must be confess'd, he had contributed as much to her Diversion, as could in Reason be expected from a single Fool; and if her Appetite was not yet cloy'd, 'twas but just and reasonable, that he who had been led so tedious a Course, should now be permitted to enjoy some Respite, and she might, among the numerous Herd of Coxcombs, easily single out another who might afford her abundant Opportunities of signalizing her Dexterity and Invention.

Quite another Influence on her had this seeming Surcease of his Folly; he now seem'd an Object more worthy to employ her Skill, and appearing to be of greater Consequence, made a second Conquest more valuable, and the Pursuit appear'd more worthy, in Proportion to the seeming Difficulty that attended it. To imitate therefore a real Disappointment, and an anxious Care to prevent the Occasion of it, she sent by an express Messenger the following Mixture of Love, Rage, Hope, and Despair.



LETTER XXXV.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **A**mong the many unhappy Accidents that
‘ have occur’d since my first Addressee
‘ to you, none have been so fatal as this last; this
‘ has cost me much Rage, and must end in Despair.
‘ What! have I lost you? Lost all that is dear to
‘ me! What have I done to provoke the Fates thus
‘ to torment me? Or did some unlucky Wretch,
‘ some Cow-Herd, some base Miscreant that was
‘ loytering there, take the Letter away? For I found
‘ none there. I am in the utmost Confusion to find
‘ out which it is. Let me beg you to write once
‘ more, to let me know what I am to expect, and
‘ I’ll take it up in a Day or two. If I am to lose
‘ you, Heaven only knows how far such a Misfor-
‘ tune will hurry me. If not, I am still

Your Faithful

P H I L L I S.

P. S. ‘ It a little moderates my Rage, when I
‘ consider this Disappointment may proceed from
‘ your not being in Town; if so, I may still hope
‘ to be the happiest Woman breathing. This I have
‘ ventur’d to send by a Porter, the last I directed as
‘ usual.

In vain was all this Pain and Caution, he, harmless, loving, and good-natur'd, never distrust'd the Sincerity of his unknown Adorer, but was more and more confirmed in the Belief of it.

How despicably mean and contemptible does that Person appear, who suffers thus his Reason to be a Creature to Opinionatry and Self-conceit; notwithstanding that *Coup d'Eclat* of *Urganda's*, in taking such a dextrous Method of re-establishing *Philander* in his former false and glittering Expectations; yet it can't be suppos'd to have that Effect, had not the most flagrant Spirit of Self-Approbation been predominant in our *Hero's* Heart. It did not appear at all strange or incredulous, that once in an Age, his Person and Accomplishments might so far diffuse their Influence, as to precipitate some enamour'd *Damoiselle* into amorous Extravagancies; but on the contrary, it had long been Matter of much Surprise to him, that till this Affair, the Female World should be so indolent in soliciting his Intimacy, and that he had not till now met with one inspir'd with Love and Resolution to lay Siege to his Person and Affections.

'Tis doubtful, whether the Disappointment *Urganda* met with in not meeting with an Answer to her last, proceeded from his Diffidence of the Reality of the Affair, or any other Accident; the small Regard that is to be had to what he affirms in Relation to it, won't permit any Certainty to be gather'd from him, for in whatever Capacity he acts, 'tis easy to observe, throughout all his Words and Actions,

a continued Disregard to Truth. However, be that as it will, this second Letter effectually form'd him into the very identical As he had all along been, and as such, produc'd the following Mixture of Apology and Impatience, which he convey'd to the sacred Repository of his amorous Productions ; where it did not long remain, before the indefatigable *Urganda* took it away, to be deposited among the former elegant and beautiful Progeny of his Brain. .

LETTER XXXVI.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

(Superscrib'd, *May I be happy in thy Safety.*)

Madam,

I Am in the utmost Perplexity in the World, finding that I labour under so many Disappointments, and especially this last, which will be enough to quell me, if some Remedy is not found out, which can only be your agreeable Presence, if not, I am undone.

Madam, I assure you, the Moment I received your first Letter, acquainting me of your Arrival in *England*, I immediately made Answer with that Sincerity you could expect from a Man, that from the first was, and always will be your's, which I

' hope you don't doubt. Now I have only to say,
 ' that I wonder you should any longer delay our
 ' happy Conclusion, which consists in our Meeting.
 ' I pray you would no longer defer it, if you have
 ' any Value for me, as you tell, you may send the
 ' Porter that came with this last Letter to my House
 ' to speak to me, that I may send Word by him what-
 ' ever you may desire. Had I been so happy as to
 ' have been at Home, all had been well ; but to my
 ' great Misfortune, I was gone to the Play, tho' I
 ' found but little Diversion there, my Thoughts al-
 ' ways being still with you. So I conclude the
 ' most unfortunate of all Men till I see you, but still,

Your most faithful,

and most humble Servant, and Lover,

PHILANDER.

After this, there was no Room to harbour any
 Apprehensions of his relapsing into any future Fit
 of Distrust, or receding at all from his insupe-
 rable Folly ; Nothing therefore was to be done, but
 to find out Ways and Means of exposing him com-
 pletly, every Thing that could be thought of for
 that End seem'd feasible, for 'twas now impossible to
 suspect him of Sagacity enough to discover any Im-
 position, however grossly form'd.

That Security did not however deter his Perfe-
 cutor from refining upon her Diversion. It has
 been

been already observ'd, that she, in carrying on this Affair, had always as much Regard to exposing her inimitable and luxuriant Invention, as his unparallel'd and incredible Stupidity ; and 'tis to be wish'd she had met with an Object a little more her Match, and consequently more worthy of being foil'd by her.

In her next Sally of this Sort, in all Probability, she'll find more Difficulty, and consequently make a more advantageous Display of her great Abilities in exposing the *Foibles* of those boasted Lords of the Creation who are so many Ways *Dupes* to that Sex, when-ever any of them have Leisure and ill Nature enough to make 'em so.

If the Reader should hereafter find the gallant, enamour'd *Philander* in warlike Guise traversing the Parade, and as punctual as any Centinel doing Duty on the Spot assigned him, he won't be surpriz'd when he reads the following Assignment.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

P H I L L I S to P H I L A N D E R.

‘ I Had not till Yesterday an Opportunity of taking up your Letter ; I don't remember, that in my whole Life, I was ever sensible of such sincere Pleasure ; the Transport it gave me was inexpressible, and in a Moment dissipated the exqui-

‘ fite Uneasinefs I have labour’d under ever fince my
‘ laft Difappointment, which I muft acknowledge,
‘ had till then tormented me with the killing Appre-
‘ henfions of your being under Engagements to ano-
‘ ther, and confequently loft to all the kind and en-
‘ dearing Things I have done for you. You’ll be
‘ surpriz’d when I fee you, and relate what I have
‘ provided for your Reception. But now to our
‘ Meeting, which is the only Thing on Earth I
‘ moft wifh for; and for effecting of which my In-
‘ vention has been inceffantly employ’d; I have
‘ thought of various Ways, but my Judgment has
‘ at laft determin’d me in the Choice of this; I am
‘ a great Lover of Riding, and am often on Horfe-
‘ back, and on *Wednesday* next will take the Air in
‘ *Hide-Park*; thither let my Charmer come between
‘ Twelve and One; and pray put on a Scarlet Coat
‘ or Cloak, which will enable me to know you at
‘ fome Difance, and avoid any other that may
‘ chance to be riding there. I fhall be in a Scarlet
‘ Habit, and black Hat and white Feather; do you
‘ keep up to the Right Hand Wall towards *Tyburn-
‘ Road*, and I will ride up and fpeak to you in
‘ *French*, as a Gentleman I was acquainted with in
‘ *Paris*. I fhall fend my Servant immediately to *Ken-
‘ fington* on an Errand I have already provided, and
‘ beg your Company to ride with me till he returns:
‘ By this Means we may have an Hour’s Chat with-
‘ out any Suspicion, and adjust every thing for the
‘ Completion of our Wifhes. I confent you fhould
‘ bring a Friend with you, but be very careful in
‘ your

• your Choice, a third Person will be necessary,
 • and the letting him so early into the Secret, will
 • engage ingenuous Minds to be faithful. If you
 • bring a Servant with you, let him keep at a little
 • Distance, for I shall be very unwilling to expose
 • my Face to any but your self and Friend. I
 • have Nothing else to add, but that the Hours may
 • keep Pace with my eager Wishes, assuring you,
 • that I am faithfully and eternally your Admirer,

PHILLIS.

A select Company was pitch'd upon to partake of the Diversion, and observe the obedient punctual *Philander*, at the Time appointed, and in the Shape directed by his *Unknown*, appear at the Place of *Rendezvous*; and not doubting but he would give his Attendance, made all necessary Preparations for completing their Mirth, and making him servilely contribute to it.

A Brace of either Sex compos'd the Party to be detach'd on this Occasion, of whom *Urganda* was to be one, and Directress of the rest.

Every thing was now in Readiness, and the next Day, the Time which had been assigned for the Lover's Appearance, when some accidental Engagement prevented one of the Company from attending at the Time appointed; this made it necessary to adjourn it till the next Day, which obliged our *Urganda* to write the following Billet, to acquaint him, that his

Hap-

Happinefs was to be deferr'd for Twenty Four Hours, which did very much confirm him of the Reality of the Affignation.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

P H I L L I S to P H I L A N D E R.

‘ I Have this Day wrote a Letter to the Coffee-
 ‘ house, defiring a Meeting on *Wednesday*,
 ‘ with particular Directions where; something extra-
 ‘ traordinary has happen’d in Family Affairs, that I
 ‘ cannot with Safety execute what I then propos’d
 ‘ on *Wednesday*; but to demonstrate my Impatience
 ‘ and Sincerity, the ensuing Day, *Thursday*, shall
 ‘ not fail at the appointed Time and Place, being
 ‘ what I have so long profess’d,

Your’s entirely,

P H I L L I S.

The long expected *Thursday* Morn rouz’d the
 enamour’d *Philander* early from his Repose, if that
 can be properly applied to a Night spent in anxious
 Impatience for the approaching Dawn, with starting
 unquiet Slumbers, often interrupted by the terrible
 Apprehensions of some unlucky Chance to frustrate
 his now impending Joy; a Joy which had hither-
 to

to been the Butt of Fate's most inveterate Envy and Malice.

As soon as he had adjusted his Person as well as his eager Impatience would permit, and covered it with a Scarlet Coat, the directed Characteristick, he mounted his Steed, and pursued his Journey to the Field of Love, wrapt in the most agreeable *Resveries* that could possibly engage the Mind of Mortal, ruminating on the blessed and long-expected Opportunity he was now about to enjoy, in entertaining the best and loveliest of her Sex with a Thousand pathetick Professions of Constancy and Passion. Many quaint Sentences, and little Essays of Wit, he had charged his Memory with, in Order to play 'em off upon the first Interview, to improve the Prejudice she had so manifestly entertained in his Favour.

He, like a true and constant Lover, unable to enjoy the least Quiet, but restless and impatient for the happy Moment when his Angelick Charmer was to appear, had render'd himself at the appointed Spot some Hours before the Time appointed; so that *Urganda* and her Friends, who had mounted their Nags merely to take a Survey of the expecting Lover, found him at all Points well accoutred, in the very Place, and Colour, which had been assigned him, traversing the Ground as far as he thought the Limits of his Patrole extended, and watchfully looking out to every Avenue from whence he could expect his kind *Unknown*. They to take a nearer View, rode up to that Part of the *Park* where he was so punctual

ctual a Centinel, while he, cautious of coming near enough to be known, least any Acquaintance should accost and joyn him, as carefully avoided them : In this Manner did they pursue him, and in Spite of all the Care he took to avoid it, he found 'em perpetually at his Heels.

When they had thus diverted themselves as long as Riding was pleasant, to his great Comfort they gallop'd off, and left him to wait for the Arrival of his *Phillis*, which he did with much Observancy for many Hours, till to his great Chagrin he plainly perceived, he was not to expect that Day the Performance of her Promise. This was an insupportable Addition to his former Disappointments, and happy it was that *Tyburn* was separated by a Wall, a dangling Lover might else have grac'd that venerable Passport to Eternity.

He knew perfectly well the four Persons who had been pursuing him, but was so far from mistrusting on what Errand they came, that he had a particular Pleasure in amusing them with his being acquainted with their Ramble, thinking it absolutely impossible for them to discover how he came to the Knowledge of it, by Reason of the Improbability of their mistrusting him to be the Person they saw in a Place and Habit so foreign from his Dress and Resort.

But it was not long before the following Letter convinced him, that instead of intermeddling with the Affairs of his Acquaintance, he had those
of

of his own of greater Consequence, which required his strictest Attention.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

S I R,

‘ **T**O my great Surprise, I perceive you are
‘ not the Man of Honour I took you
‘ for, or what you pretended to be ; you would
‘ not certainly else have presumed to bring with you
‘ two Ladies in blue Habits, and Gentlemen with
‘ their Servants, unless you were resolved to expose
‘ me for my Fondness and Simplicity ; but by
‘ good Fortune, I discover’d you at a Distance,
‘ and immediately rode off towards *Kensington*, in
‘ the utmost Confusion, as you may easily imagine ;
‘ and when I reflect how basely you intended to be-
‘ tray my Sincerity, none but an equal Sufferer with
‘ my self is capable to judge what agonizing Griefs
‘ and Torments a distracted Mind like mine must
‘ feel, to be thus deceiv’d by the malicious Designs
‘ of a Man that was once more dear to me than
‘ Words can express, or any Mortal less prepossessed
‘ than my self is able to conceive ; and what most
‘ affects me, is your Design of exposing me to my
‘ own Sex. But now the Conflict is over, Hatred
‘ and

‘ and Revenge is what you must expect. Oh !
 ‘ more I cou’d add, but I should wrong my self
 ‘ to divert you with my Pain. ---- But my last
 ‘ Command obey ; send all my Letters forthwith to
 ‘ the Tree, there if I find ’em, I may perhaps
 ‘ think you capable of a due Submission to

Your ever disobliged

PHILLIS.

P. S. ‘ I had once Thoughts of never writing
 ‘ again, but think it absolutely necessary to have my
 ‘ Letters, and I’ll send you yours. I expect ’em
 ‘ at the Tree in three or four Days.---- I had
 ‘ fortunately put on my Cloth-colour’d Cloak, to
 ‘ prevent my being known by my Shape or Ha-
 ‘ bit, otherwise had you seen me at a Distance, I
 ‘ suppose you and your impertinent Companions
 ‘ would have been rude enough to follow me. It’s
 ‘ no small Pleasure to me, in the midst of my Di-
 ‘ straction, that I have disappointed your Ladies.

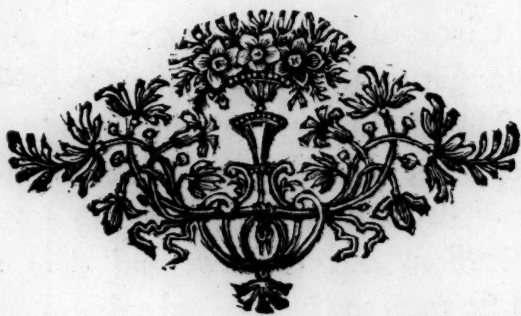
’Twas, without Doubt, in Order to this, that
 the Company before spoken of were so assiduous
 in closely pursuing him in the *Park*, and since
 they were not unknown to him, ’twas wonderful
 his Reason did not direct him to suspect the Source
 of the whole long tedious Pursuit he had been now
 two Years engaged in. But he, rivetted in the
 Assurance of his being in Reality the happy
 Object

Object of the Affection his *Unknown* had profess'd, did not suspect but that the whole was real, and prepared to convince her of his Innocence, in Regard to the heavy Charge she had brandèd him with.

Wherein consists the Difference between such an imaginary Amour as this of *Philander's*, as any other call'd a real one ? *Philander* receives Assignations, rejoyces, triumphs, and prepares with all imaginable Alacrity to observe 'em, is disappointed, frets, curses his ill Fortune, till he is bless'd with another fictitious Occasion of dissipating his Chagrin. Thus the seemingly more happy Lover, whom the fair Object of his Passion blesses with all his Wish, with like Alacrity and Impatience waits for that Hour in which he promises himself the happy Completion of all his Joys his warm Imagination dictates, but when arrived, sustains a Disappointment not inferior to *Philander's* ; he traverses another Circle of Hope, Expectation, Disappointment, and Chagrin. Such is the Condition of us deluded Mortals, always pursuing, ever disappointed ; happy he, who does not suffer himself to be carried away by any of those tormenting and uneasy Fits of Passion, but can love and dine with the same Indifference, and be directed only by the Clock, and his Appetite.

Philander did not seem now very far from that desirable State his Passion seem'd to be adjourn'd for ; the Conviction of his own Innocence, in Regard to the Particulars with which he was charg'd,

charg'd, made him in some Measure disdain the Author of them. This last Disappointment made him reflect to how little Purpose he had gone through a long Series of Anxiety and Inquietude ; he therefore resolv'd boldly to averr his Innocence ; if he was believed, 'twas well ; if not, he had gain'd Courage enough to stand the Shock. Besides, he thought it but reasonable he should make Use of the Hold he had of her Affections, and resolv'd roundly to play Truant, and to convince her, that he must either have Wages, or no longer wear her Livery, wrote the following Letter, which shews more of the Man, and less of the Lover, than any the Reader has been hitherto entertained with.



LET-

LETTER XL.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

Madam,

‘ I Am very much surpriz’d, after having been
‘ four Hours in the *Park*, I should not
‘ meet you there, much more, when for Eight
‘ Days you deferr’d sending me a Letter, which at
‘ last I have received, but such a one I had ra-
‘ ther been without it ; and here inclos’d I send
‘ your said barbarous Letter back again, that you
‘ may reflect on it, as you shall think fit.

‘ In the first Place, I was never guilty of a dis-
‘ honourable Action, nor should I give my self
‘ any farther Trouble, but only to let you know
‘ your Error. The Gentlemen and Ladies you
‘ mention did not belong to me, but by Chance
‘ came there, and rode off immediately ; neither
‘ was I acquainted with them ; and, as I think
‘ my self just and honest, you must give me Leave
‘ to pass to another Subject.

‘ As for sending your Letters to the Tree, I
‘ will do it as soon as you please to send mine,
‘ on which you may depend ; and only send this,
‘ that you may see what great Passion, and little
‘ Love, has made you write ; for I am sure, had

K

‘ you

' you that Love you have so often exprefs'd for
 ' me, you would have taken other Means to meet
 ' me, (there not wanting any in *London*) without
 ' going to a *Park* that would be so publick, and
 ' find an Excuse so frivolous, as reflecting on a
 ' Man that could not be guilty of so base an Ac-
 ' tion, but I must forget this for the good Opi-
 ' nion I have had hitherto of you.

' Give me Leave, Madam, to tell you, this is
 ' the last Letter you shall see at the Tree from me;
 ' for since all the Protestations I have made to you
 ' won't do, I can do Nothing further. If you
 ' still will continue your Love and Fondness for a
 ' Man that so well deserves it, and that promises
 ' the same Returns to you, let me have an Answer
 ' speedily, and I will appoint a Place, which is as
 ' follows: That you shall write to me two Days
 ' before, and our Meeting may be at my House,
 ' where no body shall be at Home but my self, and
 ' from thence, as you shall come in a Coach, I will
 ' go with you where you please. If from this
 ' you decline, I will leave you, and consider of
 ' some new Amour, for I can live no longer on
 ' *Chimera's*, for what I never had, I never can lose.
 ' I will wait for an Answer for this Eight Days, and
 ' no longer.

Adieu.

PHILANDER.

How

How this would be relish'd by one, who in Fact was what *Phillis* pretended to be, must be left to the Ladies that are really in Love, to determine ; for *Urganda* lays no Claim to that Situation, since the Reign of our late merry Monarch *Charles* the Second.

In the present State of his Affairs, it was without all Doubt, a Method entirely wrong ; the Person he had to deal with was not to be bullied into any Submission, but would rather be prevail'd with to dish him up some other Entertainment of *Chimera's*, perhaps harder of Digestion than those he had hitherto been entertained with.

In the mean Time, it was insupportable to the hitherto triumphing *Urganda*, to have her Commands thus insolently controul'd, and see him who had always been Obedience it self, now daring to insist on Terms ; that a Person she had took so much Pains to establish a Fool, should now divest himself of that Accomplishment, and pretend to act the Man without her previously giving her Consent.

He must submit once more, or the whole Glory of her Conquest would else be absolutely lost, should he thus re-assume himself, and be restive.

It has been before hinted, that our Hero thought himself of too great Consequence ever to hazard his Safety ; that his Aversion to Danger was great, and the Consequence he was of to the Fair, gave him plausible and unanswerable Excuses for shunning all Accidents that might endanger his Life, and their Re-

pose ; Heroick Instances these of his Complaisance, thus to sacrifice his Honour to his Passion of obliging that Sex ; proportionable ought to be their Returns, and flagrant is their Ingratitude, that not one should contribute to reward such a meritorious and unparalleled Complaisance : But on the contrary, that which ought to place him in the highest Rank of their Esteem, should be made a Handle of to make him their *Dupe*, for that was really the Case ; when *Urganda* found the Ties of Love which had hitherto so securely made him her Slave, began to slacken, she had Recourse to that other Passion for Safety, and made that likewise her Tool for carrying on her malicious Schemes.

Let this inform deluded Man, that their Frowns, as well as Smiles, are alike unworthy of Regard ; no body sure will need further Evidence of that, who reads the following rough, military, and sonorous Lines.

LETTER XLI.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ WERE you not one of the vilest of Miscre-
 ‘ ants, you certainly would not have stuffed
 ‘ your last Letter with such palpable Lics, when I
 ‘ plainly saw the Ladies riding close by you, and, as it
 ‘ seemed

‘ seemed to me, talking with you ; otherwise, can
 ‘ you imagine I can be so easily imposed on, as to
 ‘ believe any Ladies would chuse that dirty and re-
 ‘ mote Part of the Park to ride in for Pleasure, where
 ‘ I gave you Directions to be, because I knew no
 ‘ body would come there but by Design ? And then
 ‘ your refusing to send my Letters to the Tree with-
 ‘ out I first send yours, is a Thought as base as this
 ‘ last Action is scandalous ; no one less vile than your
 ‘ self would pretend to capitulate with a Lady for
 ‘ what any Man of Honour would return upon the
 ‘ first Intimation ; but a Man void of Honour can’t
 ‘ but want Capacity to judge the Consequences that
 ‘ might attend the sending such a Letter, so artfully
 ‘ contriv’d, to be the entire Ruin of a Person that
 ‘ has not in the least merited such Treatment.

‘ I rejoyce at my having been so happy as to see
 ‘ through your malicious Contrivance, and must
 ‘ tell you, the worst Stile I can invent will be far short
 ‘ of doing you Justice, and I come far short of stig-
 ‘ matizing you as you have deserv’d, when I brand
 ‘ you with the Names of ~~Base~~, and *Base Lyar* ;
 ‘ those Terms, and worse, (could they be invented)
 ‘ are emphatically your due.

‘ I shall, for the future, curb so ill-placed a Pas-
 ‘ sion, and never give my self the Trouble of a fu-
 ‘ ture Interchange of Letters with so detestable an
 ‘ Animal as you now prove your self to be.

‘ Your daring to entertain me with Threats of a
 ‘ new Amour, and thinking so fordid a Stile can in-

'fluence me into Fear, provokes me to urge you are
 'incapable of a Submission equal to your Crime;
 'therefore, if you don't immediately send my Let-
 'ters to the Tree, a publick Resentment you may
 'hourly expect from a Man of Honour, Worth, and
 'Integrity, who will make demand of all the Letters
 'I have so unworthily bestowed; and should you be
 'imprudent enough to make the least Hesitation in
 'giving them, your promised destined Fate receive,
 'when he says, *Phillis* fights this Cause.

'I confess it will be using you with too much Re-
 'spect, to send a Gentleman of an Errand that one of
 'my Servants might execute without Offence on so
 'insignificant a Mortal: When my past Folly enters
 'into my Mind of having the least good Opinion
 'of you, I conclude my self guilty of a most hor-
 'rid Crime; a Crime, that I much fear the Good-
 'ness and Sincerity of all my future Actions will ne-
 'ver be able to efface; to have had the smallest Liking
 'to a Creature so exquisitely unpolish'd in the Eye of
 'every one but me, who by ill-fated Passion was blind
 'to all your Deformities, which I, now awaked
 'from that cursed Delusion that so long haunted me,
 'do so clearly discover: But it's better to bear the
 'Reflections of a tortured Mind, than be quite lost
 'to Friends, Relations, and the whole World, which
 'inevitably had been my Doom had I pursued my
 'rash, unguarded Desires; Thanks to my kind Stars
 'for so happy a Change: And as you tender your
 'Safety, never let your rascally Tongue ever more
 'blaspheme the Name of

PHILLIS.

P. S.

P. S. ‘ To shew how much I contemn your
 ‘ Pride and Arrogance, in telling me you’d wait but
 ‘ Eight Days for a Letter, I have made you wait
 ‘ much longer.

The Wretch to whom the *Ottoman Tyrant* dispatches the faithful *Mute*, upon the View of the fatal Bow-String, can’t sustain a more tremendous Horrour, than did the trembling *Philander*, on Perusal of those peremptory and formidable Orders ; already he figured to himself the murdering *Bravo* making the threatned Demand, and without waiting for his Refusal, pursuing the shocking fatal Command of the Person he had so imprudently dared to provoke.

These Contemplations could not but afford much Uneasiness (not to mention the usual Concomitants of a sudden Surprize) to a Person of *Philander*’s pacifick Temper, great is the Value, ’tis confess’d, he always had for those dear Testimonies and Certificates of her Love, but as to fighting for ’em, --- he could do no more for her her self ; and therefore that last unerring Proof of his Passion would be inconsistently given in disputing her Commands. ’Twas now necessary to find some Means of appeasing his angry Deity, and averting the fatal Effects of her Vengeance ; a Hecatomb of lying Vows, and Petitions of Pardon, would then have been thought a cheap Purchase of her Favour.

To obviate effectually the terrible Effects he did, without Hesitation, resolve to obey her Commands in sending her Letters ; and lest that should not be judged a sufficient Attonement for his rash and unad-

vifed Defiance of her and her Power, was by no means fparing, in a fervile Submiffion and firm Refolution, never more to rifque her Difpleafure, fince it threatened fuch rueful Confequences.

In Fear and Penitence he incontinently fets to work, and carries to the Tree all the Letters he had received from her fince fhe had received the laft Packet ; inclofed, in the following contrite, fubmiffive, fnivelling Billet, which he took Care to date, (a Caution he had feldom made ufe of before) left fhe fhould think him remifs and dilatory in his Obedience, and be provoked to punifh him for it by her Inftrument of Revenge.

LETTER XLII.

PHILANDER to PHILLIS.

London, Dec. 2.

Madam,

THIS Morning I received your Letter, by
 ‘ which I fee you are ftill prepoiffed with
 ‘ that Thought of me, of which I am not guilty, of;
 ‘ for I ftill declare folemnly that that Company did
 ‘ not belong to me, but came there by Chance ; and
 ‘ give me Leave to tell you, that as you came there in
 ‘ an unknown Drefs to me, you might have obfer-
 ‘ ved their Motions ; and had you waited a Moment,
 ‘ you would find your Miftake, that they went off
 ‘ from the Place, where I and only one Servant ftay’d
 ‘ there till Four a-Clock ; and muft tell you, I would
 ‘ not truft a Bufinefs of that Confequence even to a
 ‘ third

‘ third Person, as you give me Leave to do, for none
‘ but my self must know any thing of it, declaring
‘ to you, Madam, that I am not so vile a Man as
‘ to expose you, nor would do it to any Stranger,
‘ much less to any one that has express’d so great
‘ Esteem for me, and I so much value. But how
‘ shall I be able to bring a Belief in you, after so ill
‘ Opinion ? I confess, my last Letter was unfit for
‘ so worthy a Lady as you ; I have curs’d every
‘ Hour since I writ it, for committing such a Folly,
‘ but I still depend upon your Goodness to forgive
‘ it ; consider, it was done in Haste, after so considerable
‘ a Disappointment, which I was not guilty of ;
‘ the Company that was in the *Park* I did not think
‘ the Case, therefore I desire you will consider better
‘ of it, and place me again in your Favour, where I
‘ was once so happy : Therefore, in short, to be
‘ plainer, that you may believe me, I must tell you,
‘ if you don’t receive me into your Favour, I shall
‘ grow distracted. ----- Now have only to say,
‘ that inclosed goes all your Letters, and am very
‘ sorry I did not send them before, which I confess
‘ was a great Fault. As for my Letters, you
‘ shall do with them what you please, for all that
‘ comes from you will be very acceptable to your
‘ dutiful Slave and Servant till Death ; for I am
‘ Truth and Honesty still.

PHILANDER.

P. S. ‘ As for a new Love, after this, I shall never
‘ follow any but my Grave, of which you may
‘ assure your self, therefore beg you’d consider of it
‘ better ;

‘ better ; when-ever you are pleas’d to write again, I
 ‘ shall always, at first Command, send you back
 ‘ your Letters.

‘ By your Servant’s Letter, inclosed, you’ll find
 ‘ I received it too late to make Answer to *Gregoir’s*
 ‘ Coffee-house at *Paris*, as you directed. ---- Pray give
 ‘ me Leave to tell you that your Suspicion is ground-
 ‘ less, for God forbid I should be guilty of so base
 ‘ an Action as to expose you !

This cowardly and mean Submission did so thoroughly expose the Object of her Spleen, that she began to despise her Diversion, since it appear’d so easily purchased ; and happy had it been for the humble and obsequious *Philander*, if his better Stars had sooner prompted him to disclose the base Contexture of his Mind ; for, (fortunate for him) it made her firmly resolve to put a Period to her Amusement, and for the future, permit his groveling Soul to rest undisturbed by any artful Commotion raised by her, safe from any further Torments in the Capacity of a Fool, a Coward, or a Lover.

However, he appear’d too worthless to deserve an immediate State of Tranquility, which in all Probability he would have enjoy’d, if a total Silence had immediately succeeded the Return of her Letters, for then he must have imagined the whole Affair to be the Sham it really was, or else that his *Phillis* might still retain the Passion she had formerly so pathetically expressed ; his Vanity, without much Probability to support it, would easily suggest That. But then the
 Pleasure

Pleasure he would reap by that Reflection was what the ill-natur'd *Urganda* grudged; and therefore, tho' she resolv'd not to fatigue her self by any more Journeys to the Tree to receive his Letters, yet so small a Trouble as that of writing one more she chearfully resolv'd to submit to, in order to continue him for some Time in his present State of Uneasiness and Perplexity: With this View, she thus rav'd, bully'd, and spurn'd him.

LETTER XLIII.

PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

‘ **I** Was resolv’d to make you wait above your
 ‘ Eight Days before I’d let you know I had
 ‘ received all my Letters; the sending of which I
 ‘ impute to your Cowardice, and not to your good
 ‘ Manners and Complaisance to me; if not, why
 ‘ did not you send ’em when first I demanded ’em?
 ‘ I thought I had said enough before, when I sent for
 ‘ them, to have prevented your committing the
 ‘ like Folly again; but it’s plain you are an incorri-
 ‘ gible Sot, and it is not worth my while to take
 ‘ Pains with any thing so sordidly stupid, cowardly,
 ‘ base, and vain.
 ‘ I will ingenuously own, that by sending them
 ‘ you have prevented your being used as you deserve;
 ‘ for you should else have been caned from one End
 ‘ of the Town to the other; and *Phillis* would not
 ‘ have

‘ have blush’d to own she had us’d a Puppy accor-
‘ ding to his Merit ; for know, that I am in too
‘ high a Station to fear the Insults of so vile a Mis-
‘ creant as your self. I must say, I am not sorry
‘ you have escaped my destin’d Vengeance, for it
‘ would not be agreeable to me to use any Thing ill
‘ that I have had so great a Passion for, tho’ to my
‘ eternal Shame and Confusion, so egregiously mis-
‘ plac’d ; which, I doubt not, but Time, and the
‘ frequent Perusal of your late insulting Letter, will
‘ effectually efface. It lies now before me, and I
‘ hope I shall never be blind to its scandalous Con-
‘ tents. I observe you order me to come in a Coach
‘ to your own House : Base Wretch ! am I to follow
‘ you ? By that Expression, it’s plain you know
‘ Nothing of me, to dare to use me with such course
‘ Terms : And then again, I have informed my
‘ self you have no House you can call your own ;
‘ so that your sawcy Orders for me to come there,
‘ must be with no other View than to expose me.
‘ And then you’ll go in Search of a new Amour ;
‘ Go, scurvy Wretch, and try if you can charm
‘ such another as the unhappy fond *Phillis* : No,
‘ you’ll never find such a Fool, such an extravagant
‘ fond Fool ; it has cost me upwards of a Thousand
‘ Pounds to furnish a House for your Reception,
‘ and to be thus rewarded, is more than my fond Soul
‘ can bear. I don’t doubt being soon rid of this
‘ unhappy Passion, and then I shall enjoy my For-
‘ tune at Pleasure. I shall say no more, than that
‘ I

‘ I demand this Letter back again as soon as you
‘ have read it.

PHILLIS.

The last Part of her Letter, no Doubt, extorted from him a second mean Submission, the Prospect of her Wealth would infallibly produce that ; but in what Terms it was conceiv’d, the curious inquisitive Reader has no other Means to know, but by a Journey to the Tree, which he will find exactly situated as herein before described, where what-ever Answer the afflicted *Philander* thought proper to send, may be presumed still to remain, since unmolested by *Urganda*, who firmly adhering to her Resolution, contented her self with the Pain she had procured him by her former Management of him ; who now jaded and founder’d, was peaceably (as soon as he could forget the insulting Rage, and insinuating Offer of fingering Forty Thousand Pounds contained in her’s) at Liberty to return to his humble Amusements of *Brothel-Hunting*, (and what Nature design’d him for) the Drudgery of a Compting-House.

And long it was not before he enjoyed that State of Tranquility : Impressions on Persons of his soft and shallow Capacity are almost as soon erased as made ; and momentary are the Effects of the most violent Passions and Disappointments on those, who like him are void of a *poignant* Reflection, without
much

much Difficulty ; therefore it was that he resumed himself, and reverted to the dull, insipid, lifeless Clod he was, before his assuming Vanity, heightened by the artful Applications made to him under the Disguise of an enamour'd Nymph, had inspir'd him with a ridiculous Vivacity.

Urganda, contented with the flagrant and egregious Display she had thus made of the Follies and despicable *Foibleſſes* of Mankind, and fated with the Diversion she had in the Performance, found Means to comfort her self, under a continued Series of Neglect, by despising, like the *Fox* in the *Fable*, what hitherto had been out of her Reach.

How unjust soever it may appear, that the whole Sex should bear the *Odiu*m of what none but the contemptible Object of her Amusement would be guilty of it, answered her End, in equipping her with perpetual Topicks of Satyr, and by that Means inducing a strong Probability, that it was owing to the Nicety of her Taste, rather than to the Neglect of her Contemporaries, that she had not been celebrated as the Object of some sincere and devout Passion.

Thus fell the unhappy *Philander*, a Sacrifice to the Revenge of the neglected *Urganda* ; and happy for the rest of his Sex, if so mean and worthless an Expiation will suffice ; hereafter she may in Rage be prompted to exercise her Invention on an Object more worthy, especially if encouraged by the Applause she expects to meet with in this *Specimen* of her

her Abilities that Way ; which if denied her, she has Dexterity enough to impute it to a Design of preventing any further ill Consequences that may attend such a Gratification of her Spleen, rather than on any Terms to suspect it possible, that this Performance of her's should not be tacitly (at least) appoved of and admired.

'T would be absurd to make any affected Apology for this long and (perhaps) tedious Detail of trivial and minute Circumstances, after the Author's Approbation of the Performance has been so frequently express'd in the Prosecution of it. If it does not meet with the same Applause in the Perusal, as it has done (by her) in the Composition, 'twill be readily acknowledged to be the Effect of the Reader's nicer Taste and better Judgment ; in Case he does not approve of the Turn just now given for his Dislike, being owing to his Fear of instigating her to expose any more the *Foibleſſes* of his Sex.

Thus prepared to endure the most severe Censure, let it be either real or pretended, she concludes, with a firm Resolution to bear with equal Unconcern and Indifference, what-ever Reception her Performance may meet with, either from the prejudiced or impartial Perusers of it.

F I N I S.



